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THE *CAPUT MORTUUM* CABINET.

LOVERS of the somewhat idle amusement of amateur Cabinet-making have had, during the past week, rather more than the usual excuse for their speculations. For nearly twenty years—from the date, in fact, at which the Liberal party ceased to have a creed, and contented itself with having a leader—the interest of the list of a Liberal Ministry has been but of a minor kind. The question has not been as of old, Who would serve under Mr. GLADSTONE, but To whom Mr. GLADSTONE would give office. The late and partial, but not the less welcome, revival of conscience and independence in some part of the great historical party with which, up to the date above referred to, independence and conscience have been favourite watchwords, brought back something like the interest of less slavish times. It can hardly be considered surprising that, after the open revolt of the best men in the Liberal party on Tuesday week, it should have occurred to some sanguine persons that the moment had come for the long-talked-of coalition of moderate and intelligent statesmen to save the State from unscrupulous partisans. But little confidence has been felt by others in the nearness of such a coalition, much as it is to be desired; and the event has justified scepticism. It must be regarded as sufficient for the present that Lord HARTINGTON, Sir HENRY JAMES, and their companions have had the courage, and in some instances the self-sacrifice, to tear themselves away from Mr. GLADSTONE; it would have been too much to ask that they should at once recognize that, not on this occasion only, but on others for many years back, the open enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE have been right. It is true that no such explicit confession would have been extorted from them, but they might think that it was implied in their action. It is but light blame to men of honour that, in the accomplishment of a very honourable act, they have been even over-scrupulous. Events are, in all probability, at hand which will teach them that the country is only to be saved by making common cause against its enemies. That they have not yet fully learnt the lesson matters the less because it is apparently impossible, considering the constitution of the present Parliament, that any Government, coalition or other, can stand.

It is, however, much to be desired that speculation on the allotment of particular offices should not obscure the contemplation of the new Ministry as a probable whole. When it is looked at as such the extraordinary weakness of the Gladstonian residuum is visible at once. The successive secessions of almost all its ablest members have left it a mere shadow of what was understood by a GLADSTONE Ministry a few years ago. The Duke of ARGYLL is gone, as well as Mr. FORSTER; Lord HARTINGTON, as well as Mr. GOSCHEN; Sir HENRY JAMES, as well as Mr. BRIGHT. Except in the small group of extreme Radicals, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir CHARLES DILKE (if he is to be counted), and Mr. MORLEY (the last of whom has as yet given no proof whatever either of statesmanship or even of administrative ability), Mr. GLADSTONE had nowhere to look even for men of talent to fill his most conspicuous posts. He has always had a certain fancy for doubling the parts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, though the work is so arduous that recent practice, intolerant as it is of pluralities, allows an increase of half as much again as the highest official salary to the tenant of the combined posts. The combination now, had Mr. GLADSTONE repeated it, would rather be forced on him by shorthandedness than taken of

free will. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT remained to him, and Sir WILLIAM's courage is equal even to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Even before he proclaimed himself in Dorsetshire last autumn as a mere waiter on the Providence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had long lost all Parliamentary weight, except that of a debater of considerably more energy than skill, and he is hardly likely to recover reputation in one of the most difficult and thankless of all Ministerial posts. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's reputed refusal of the Admiralty and his acceptance of the Local Government Board are significant enough; they amount, in fact, to a confession that the most powerful man in the Government dare not be shown in any office of the first importance for fear of alarming the country. The appointment of Lord ROSEBURY to the Foreign Office is a statement in other words that the chief of Mr. GLADSTONE's party in the Upper House has proved himself utterly incompetent in a post for which he has had a lifetime's training. It does not matter what nominal office Lord GRANVILLE holds; he will, in any, be simply the man who could not be made Foreign Secretary. Lord DERBY's presence may have added little strength to his colleagues, but his absence must weaken them. Such thrice-proved failures as Lord NORTHBROOK (if he is to be included), as Lord KIMBERLEY, as Mr. CHILDERS, as Lord RIFON above all, are but zeros before the figure:—the more of them there are the smaller is the value of the combination. And if it be said that Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN cannot be spoken of in this way, the answer is fatally obvious and damaging. The chief, if not the whole, reputation of Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN has been obtained by them as vigorous administrators and exponents of the very policy, the very principles, which Mr. GLADSTONE is taking office to reverse and belie.

The following out of this last consideration brings under fresh and stronger light the weakness of this third Administration of Mr. GLADSTONE. Viewed in itself in regard to the proved capacities or incapacities of its members, and in regard to the composition and membership of the party which it is supposed to represent and lead, it is weak enough. But it takes office, not merely as a band of men from whom their best comrades have severed themselves, but as a band discredited by tergiversation as complete as sudden on the most important points of policy and principle. Except the extreme Radicals, every man of the new Government takes office as a hitherto steady opponent of Home Rule, who is now pledged to grant Home Rule more or less directly. Nor is this volteface excusable by any such reasons as those which were brought forward to justify the conversion of the Duke of WELLINGTON to Catholic Emancipation, of Sir ROBERT PEEL to Free-trade, of Mr. DISRAELI to Household Suffrage. For, not only were all these points on which the widest difference of opinion prevailed among men of undoubted ability and patriotism, not only were they to a great extent extensions of policies long before pursued, but they were points on which the majority of the nation had unmistakably expressed itself in the sense to which these various statesmen inclined. The majority might be right or it might be wrong, but it had spoken pretty decidedly. Of Home Rule this cannot be said by the most audacious of partisans. Not only have men of all parties, except the extreme Radicals and a few insignificant doctrinaires and crotcheteers, unvaryingly denounced it, but the entire Liberal party, from the leader downwards, fought the last election distinctly on the ground that Mr. PARNELL's

designs or were dangerous to the Empire, and that full Parliamentary powers must be granted to themselves to resist him to the death. The language of Mr. GLADSTONE's sometime Judge-Advocate-General in the Wrexham Circular, on which we commented just after the election, was only a little more violent and a little less guarded than that of his betters, who have shown none of the scruples with which, to his honour, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN is credited. Nothing has changed in the situation (for Mr. PARNELL's Irish successes were known beforehand almost to the exact figures), except the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE wants a majority in Parliament, and has not got one. Every man who, having used or acquiesced in the language used in reference to Irish claims by most Liberals in the late election, now takes office under Mr. GLADSTONE, after Mr. GLADSTONE's speech of Thursday fortnight, swallows his own words and his own principles for the sake of office. This is perfectly well known to the country, and it accounts for the half-pathetic, half-ludicrous perplexity of Mr. GLADSTONE's most faithful, if not most intelligent, devotees at the turn things have taken. It accounts also for the indisputable fact that, putting aside Caucasuses, merely silly people, and the neck-or-nothing party men to whom the whole end of politics is that their own side shall be in and the other side out, there is absolutely no difference of opinion as to the discredit—it may almost be said the ignominy—which rests on the incoming Ministry. It is confidently boasted that at the worst they can muster among their supporters a force equal to the Conservatives, and, considering the very inferior character of the *personnel* of this Parliament, it is not impossible. So long as the price is paid to Mr. PARNELL, they may be able to keep a bare working majority. But a bare working majority is of little use in any case to a Government. And least of all is it of use when a Government takes office under the double discredit of being deserted by some of its ablest supporters and of having, in the persons of those who compose it, itself deserted at once the fundamental principles of national policy and the expressed doctrines to which but the other day its members pledged themselves.

#### FRENCH COLONIES.

IF the French have not reached the period of exploitation in their new colonial history, they have got to what is perhaps the next best thing. They find themselves able to make-believe very energetically that it is reached. The Marchioness herself did not try more successfully to enjoy her orange-peel and water. Only a firm conviction that everything is settled in Annam and Tonquin can account for the appointment of M. PAUL BERT to the post of Chief Commissioner. There would be nothing extraordinary in the nomination of a civilian to take charge of the recently occupied territory. It has been our own general practice in India. What makes the French appointment so remarkable is the character of the gentleman chosen for the place. An Indian official knows that he must trust to the army for support, and does not—at least openly—attack the military officers. M. PAUL BERT makes no secret of his opinion that the wearers of sabres are the cause of all evil. Having observed that there are too many sabres in Algiers, he has concluded that there ought to be none at all, or only a very few, and those kept in a modest obscurity. He forgets that, without this instrument, there would be no French colony in Northern Africa at all. But M. PAUL BERT is not only going to do without the army, but to dispense with the Church—in other words, he is going to govern a newly-acquired territory still full of armed enemies without the help of either of the only resources which have ever proved any use to France in its colonial adventures. The experiment will be worth watching, if only on account of the means which M. PAUL BERT is going to employ. He proposes to pacify Tonquin and Annam by a judicious use of physiology. The process of reasoning by which he has persuaded himself that this is the true method of colonial administration is characteristic of more than of M. PAUL BERT. The Chinese, he has reflected, and their imitators are governed by learned men. Now the only kind of learning of any value is scientific—argal, the Mandarins must respect science. But the only true science is physical science as studied in Europe; therefore, the Annamese Mandarins must admire it. Further, M. PAUL BERT is an eminent professor of this only true knowledge, and, therefore, the Annamese Mandarins must admire M. PAUL

BERT. He will present himself at Hué bearing a banner inscribed with the magic words Concession and Administration, and at the sight of that standard Black Flags and native princes will immediately surrender. With science and a little help from the domestic virtues he will succeed where military force has failed. As for the missionaries, he will use them, but not be used by them. He will expect them to exert themselves in support of his administration while he is avowing, and when necessary applying, his well-known opinions on the subject of Church government. All these things M. PAUL BERT has confided to newspaper reporters and provincial mayors. His administration ought decidedly to be interesting, and even amusing. It does not appear, however, that M. PAUL BERT is in any haste to begin. He has been confiding in reporters and taking more than one "punch d'adieu" at this or the other Café de la Comédie, but he does not go. Like another hero about to set out on a longer journey, he traverses the cart and still says "Good-bye!" but seems loth to depart.

If a treaty in nineteen articles is of any value, French troubles in Madagascar ought to be pretty thoroughly settled. The document drawn up by M. PATRIMONIO and General DIGBY WILLOUGHBY has been ratified by both Governments, and what was called by an excess of politeness the war in Madagascar has come to an end. The publication of the full text adds little to what was already known. In its main features the treaty agrees fairly well with the sketch of it given by M. DE FREYCINET in the middle of the debate on the Tonquin credits. It has just the same appearance of affording the French Government a plausible excuse for retiring with some credit from a difficulty, and that is almost all it would be necessary to say about the matter if there were not in some quarters an inclination to see in it a great diplomatic triumph, and a proof of M. DE FREYCINET's excellent management. On the supposition that the French intend to make their intervention in Madagascar effectual the treaty settles nothing. It secures them the right of controlling the external relations of the Hovas, which are next to non-existent. There is to be a resident at Antananarivo, but he is to have no right of interfering in internal affairs. The treaty gives him no right to bring an escort with him, and the independence of the QUEEN'S Government is secured by a special clause. Frenchmen are to have the right of taking long leases, which will be heritable; are to be subject only to the jurisdiction of their own countrymen as far as regards quarrels among themselves; and all questions arising between them and natives are to be settled by a mixed court. The French Government is to retain possession of Diego Suarez Bay, with a slip of territory of from a mile and a half to three miles in depth round it, to hold Tamatave as security for the payment of 10,000,000 francs, and to give the Hova Government every facility for securing the services of European workmen and engineers. There can be no doubt that all this gives the French a good footing in the island. Planters and traders will in the future be able to hold land and carry on business with perhaps better security than before; but it falls very far short of an effectual protectorate. The Resident will be able to give advice, but he will have no means at hand to enforce his orders. If the Hova Government does not choose to listen to him, there will be no means of reducing it without another costly expedition from Europe. Very possibly there may never be occasion for anything of the kind if, as the French Government seems to believe, the Hovas have come to the conclusion that they cannot contend successfully with their intrusive protectors. Other nations have no particular reason for wishing it should be otherwise, for their subjects may as well profit by the treaty as the French. There is nothing in it to prevent the making of just such an arrangement as has been made in the Caroline Islands. The privileges and exemptions secured to Germany by the treaty with Spain have been extended to English ships. Just such another arrangement may be made by the English Government in Madagascar. It can equally secure for British subjects the right of holding land in what will be complete ownership for all practical purposes and freedom from all taxes not levied on natives. The French themselves are not to acquire the power of owning the soil or exemption from taxation. The treaty, in fact, gives them even less than has often been acquired by European Powers from nominally independent Oriental States by means of capitulations. Difficulties might be put in the way of these arrangements by the French if they used their control of the foreign relations of the Malagasies in an unfriendly spirit; but experience



shows that it is always easier to secure fair treatment from a great civilized Government than from a small and barbarous one. We have suffered more wrong and insult from Peru or Guatemala in the last fifty years than from all the Powers of Europe put together. If the Foreign Office does its duty, there can be no doubt that every advantage given to the French in Madagascar will be secured for Englishmen; and Germany has notoriously only to ask to obtain whatever it wants. The practical supremacy in the island must inevitably belong to the European nation which can devote more capital and energy to developing its resources. It will be something new if that nation is France.

#### SIR HENRY MAINE AND MR. MORLEY.

SIR HENRY MAINE has found a worthy antagonist in Mr. JOHN MORLEY. No other representative of Radical opinion combines in an equal degree a genuine belief in democracy with political erudition and literary power. It would be at the same time presumptuous and unnecessary to interpose between two such combatants in a controversy as to the source of theories which explain or illustrate the popular movements of the present day. Mr. MORLEY, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, contends that Sir HENRY MAINE has overrated both the influence of ROUSSEAU and the originality of his doctrines. As Mr. MORLEY has made a special study of the life and works of ROUSSEAU, he has probably reason for his belief that his system was derived partly from HOBBS and partly from LOCKE, and to a great extent from the Constitution of his native State of Geneva. The operation of his teaching is an equally legitimate subject of discussion, and in their estimates of its effects the disputants only differ in degree. According to Mr. MORLEY, Sir HENRY MAINE is disposed to impute an unreal influence to writers and books altogether. "He makes no allowance among innovating agencies for 'native rationalism without a formula.'" His essays on Popular Government were addressed to the champions or apologists of democracy, and not to the mass of its practitioners. It is, of course, true that the immediate causes of political innovations are ambition and interest and the desire to redress real or supposed grievances. It is the business of speculative inquirers to examine and classify the motives of change and its practical results. The captors of the Bastille or the rabble which attacked the Tuileries on the 10th of August were not thinking of the Social Contract; but the judgment which is formed of either transaction may not improbably be modified by the habits of thought which have directly or through intermediate channels proceeded from ROUSSEAU.

With the propositions which Sir HENRY MAINE principally desires to establish his critic deals less fully than with his historical judgments. In substance the Essays are intended to prove that democracy is a mere form of government, and not a good form, and that in any particular case the chances are that it will not be desirable. Sir HENRY MAINE's elaborate and instructive account of the American Constitution is introduced for the purpose of explaining the exceptional vitality of one great Republic which is constituted on the basis of universal suffrage. The independence of the Legislature which enables the President to keep in office the Ministers of his choice, and to pursue a policy of his own, the division of powers between the Federal and State Governments, and the difficulties which were placed in the way of changes of the Constitution are so many complicated restrictions on democratic despotism. The English or Continental system of government by numerical majorities includes no security against ignorant or wilful injustice. Within a week from the first meeting of a democratic Parliament at Westminster half a dozen demagogues have not shrunk from introducing a Bill for converting into a criminal offence one of the most frequent and necessary incidents of the possession of landed property. There is a basis of truth in the apparently paradoxical assertion that government by minorities is an essential condition of freedom. Legal authority on one side is kept in check by the reserve of physical force which necessarily belongs to the bulk of the population. There is nothing in the existing English Constitution, except the veto of the House of Lords, to prevent the BRADLAUGHS and the ARCHES from embodying their monstrous proposal in an Act of Parliament. If they had only the means of deciding a doubtful vote in favour of the Minister, they might successfully stipulate for the inclusion of their project

first in an unauthorized and then in an authorized programme. If the House of Lords were destroyed or crippled, the Church would probably be disestablished or disendowed by half a dozen votes on the successive stages of a single Bill. It may be doubted whether Mr. MORLEY himself would approve of constant instability of institutions if it were possible to correct the intrinsic defects of democracy.

He nevertheless quotes with approval some dogmatic assertions of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON on the superiority of his favourite class to all other sections of the community. "If," says Mr. HARRISON, "any section of the people is to be the paramount arbiter in public affairs, the only section competent for the duty is the superior order of workmen." "Theirs are the qualities which fit men to be the arbiters or ultimate source (though certainly not the instruments) of political power. These qualities the best working-men possess in a far higher degree than any other portion of the community; indeed, they are almost the only portion of the community which possess them in any perceptible degree." Sir HENRY MAINE has never expressed an opinion so fatal to the doctrine and practice of popular suffrage. According to Mr. HARRISON, the overwhelming majority of electors are not only deficient in the qualities which are required for the due exercise of the franchise, but they do not possess them in any perceptible degree. The upper and middle classes, indeed, and the unskilled workmen are equally unfit to vote, and the legitimate inference from Mr. HARRISON's statements is that electoral power should be vested in a close oligarchy of skilled artisans. With all deference to an eminent writer who is, as Mr. MORLEY says, "planted on the airy throne of a spiritual pontificate," it might be expedient, before the transfer of power is completed, to learn what opinions and what measures find favour with the operative aristocracy when they deliberate without the disturbing presence of any moral and intellectual inferiors.

Mr. MORLEY appears not to sympathize with the Social Democrats, as he remarks that their feats at the recent election hardly convince him that they have very formidable multitudes behind them. It might be hoped that the model politicians who possess a monopoly of virtue, if not of wisdom, were untouched by Socialist heresies; yet more than once their own selected representatives, the delegates at Trades-Union Congresses, have carried almost without discussion resolutions for the extreme Socialist measure of the nationalization or confiscation of the land. No wilder, no more iniquitous proposal has at any time been made; but Mr. HARRISON's ideal electors appear to respect no rights or interests but their own. The classes which formerly possessed political power at least paid the tribute of hypocrisy to disinterested justice. It may be added that their interests coincided with the sacredness of property, and that their preponderance afforded a security against anarchical innovations which is now unhappily impaired or lost. It was said long ago that household suffrage or universal suffrage would be more dangerous in England than in any other country, because it was here alone that the majority of the people live on weekly wages. Mr. HARRISON's distinction between the sources and the instruments of political power cannot be maintained in practice. One of the most injurious tendencies of democracy is to convert representatives, who correspond to Mr. HARRISON's "instruments," to the rank of delegates. The whole machinery of the Caucus is devised for the express purpose of giving the constituency absolute control over members of Parliament. Mr. MORLEY was Chairman of the Leeds meeting of Liberal Associations which dictated to the majority of the House of Commons the immediate introduction of the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill.

In one of the most suggestive passages of his Essays, Sir HENRY MAINE expresses the belief that democracy will be hostile to science. He thinks that under a widely-extended suffrage power-looms and threshing-machines, railways and steamboats might probably have been discouraged or prohibited. All these inventions in the first instance diminished the demand for manual labour, and would consequently have been distasteful to the dominant majority. "Even in our own day," says Sir HENRY MAINE, "vaccination is in the utmost danger." Mr. MORLEY replies that the instance is not a happy one, and that it is compulsory vaccination only that is in danger. "It is a comparative novelty in English legislation. . . . It is not endured in the United States, and only two or three years ago it was rejected by an overwhelming majority in appeal to the popular vote in the Swiss Con-

"federation." Sir HENRY MAINE might either accept the correction, or explain that he used an elliptical form of speech. The object of vaccination, if not the practice, is in danger when compulsion is no longer enforced. Mr. MORLEY admits and apparently approves the hostility of the enfranchised multitude to the only system which would enable vaccination to eradicate a loathsome disease. Other legislative measures of similar nature and purpose will also be suppressed to their own detriment by prejudiced constituencies. Having occasion to mention the election of Sir HENRY ROSCOE and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, Mr. MORLEY remarks in a parenthesis that the modern democrat at any rate does not think that the Republic has no need of chemists. The reference to a cynical declaration during the Reign of Terror is ingenious; but the democrat of 1789 recognized as fully as the Leeds electors the utility of science. Five years later popular sovereignty produced a different result. The inevitable conflict between the government of the greatest number and liberty is still more important than the antagonism between democracy and science. The Bill for rendering the possession of a strip of heather a criminal offence is a characteristic sample of the tyrannical tendencies of an omnipotent and irresponsible majority. Mr. ARCH and his associates evidently agree with the leader of their party that there is no such thing in England as a fundamental law or as a principle beyond the reach of controversy. Mr. GLADSTONE propounds the doctrine to facilitate the disruption of the United Kingdom. His followers see that it tends to justify the grossest outrages on personal security and independence. The sovereign of the day inherits the kingly prerogative of inability to do wrong. Mr. MORLEY will not exercise his influence in favour of a Jacobin policy of persecution; but the personal qualities of a political leader are not sufficient security for freedom. His own immediate task of conceding legislative independence to Ireland will involve, whatever may be his intentions, gross injustice, cruel oppression, and probably abundant bloodshed.

#### PROSPECTS OF FOREIGN POLICY.

THE incident of Mr. GLADSTONE's call on Lord SALISBURY at the Foreign Office in the very midst of his arrangements for taking Lord SALISBURY's place naturally enough struck the popular imagination. It would be well if this visit could be taken as a sign that the incoming Ministry would take the cue of its foreign policy wholly from its opponents and predecessors. The appointment of Lord ROSEBERRY to the office in which Lord GRANVILLE blundered so shamefully has consoled the sanguine. But it must be remembered that Lord ROSEBERRY endured without protest some of the least creditable acts of the Ministry which came to an end last June, and, indeed, joined them when they had very nearly reached their lowest as managers of foreign policy. Still there are, at any rate in some matters, reasons for hoping that the insane reversal which is the sole idea of Caucus politicians will not be the general ideal of the new Government. The conduct of the Turkish-Bulgarian difficulty presents nothing with which Mr. GLADSTONE need quarrel, though it must wear to his eyes the unsatisfactory aspect of an arrangement affecting Turkey which has been made with due regard to Turkey's wishes and rights. He had fortunately committed himself to a rebuke of the impudent pretensions of Greece before Mr. PARNELL gave him back in January the office which Mr. PARNELL had taken away in June, and though he will doubtless endeavour, if possible, to consult Greek susceptibilities, the entire absence of the faintest excuse for robbing Turkey must be evident even to the author of the pamphlets of ten years ago. The chief danger of the situation is the probability that some of the Powers who are dissatisfied with the Bulgarian settlement may take advantage of the unstable equilibrium of English politics to endeavour to disturb it. Some of them are well enough aware of the way to go about with Mr. GLADSTONE. But there is some chance that the abundance of business which he will have upon his hands at home will prevent him from being too mischievously active in directing or in thwarting Lord ROSEBERRY.

Experience shows that the chances of a revival of trouble on the Afghan frontier will depend pretty closely on the continuance or settlement of the difficulties in European Turkey. Russian activity in the two continents has always been more or less governed by the man-and-woman-in-the-weatherhouse principle; and it is possible that despair of being able to effect anything in Bulgaria may prompt a

revival of at least the chicanery and obstruction which were so effective with Lord GRANVILLE, and which Lord SALISBURY so promptly stopped. It cannot be questioned that the reported arrangements in regard to Eastern Roumelia are of a kind to give Russia the gravest disquiet. The blind Turcophobia of our English Philhellenes and Philoslavs has always played into her hands admirably, and has substituted in the peninsula she covets a heap of jarring atoms for a solid State. But, if Lord SALISBURY's model were to be followed, and if the States which have been carved out of Turkish territory were to be converted one by one into supports rather than enemies of the SULTAN, Russian hopes of Constantinople must become infinitely hopeless. Duly provided with the tribute which is his principal care, and possessing in his Asiatic and African dominions a considerable reserve of force to support any vassal State which might be attacked either by its fellow-vassals or by others, the SULTAN would continue to be what he has always been, the only conceivable caretaker of Constantinople, without any danger of exciting the hostile feelings of any one except those very peculiarly constituted Englishmen who are ready to hand over Canterbury to Mr. BRADLAUGH, if only they can relieve St. Sophia from the abomination of desolation. In short, while the old "infant nationality" was little more than a warming-pan for Russia, the new infant nationality would stall off Russia's chances of inheritance indefinitely and hopelessly. Of this they are perfectly well aware at St. Petersburg, and every intelligent Russian would see in the reported result of Sir WILLIAM WHITE's commission a blow to Russian influence hardly less than the annulling of the Treaty of San Stefano. It is an historical experience that Russia is very apt to indemnify herself for such blows by striking elsewhere; and, unluckily, Mr. GLADSTONE's past is such as to encourage her with the idea that she may probably strike with impunity. Lord ROSEBERRY, fortunately, is even more interested in Eastern than in European politics, though he is thought to have some good mentors even in the latter. And, while Lord GRANVILLE may still do a good deal of mischief at the Colonial Office (or rather, for it is not his way to be actively mischievous, may still allow a great deal of mischief to be done), Lord ROSEBERRY should be able to some extent to counteract him.

The point of most danger, however, is undoubtedly Egypt. Mr. GLADSTONE's professions in his Manifesto about the abandonment of that country are about the only words of this remarkable document which he has not in some way or other eaten since. And not a few of the pillars of his Ministerial house (perhaps it would be a better metaphor to say the jurymasts of his Ministerial ship) are men pledged to scuttle. The country, too, is, it is to be feared, to some extent in that dangerous state, commoner with Englishmen than with almost any other people, in which it is inclined to acquiesce in the proposals of any one who will let it hear the last of a troublesome subject. There is certainly some faint excuse for this disgust with Egypt. Nowhere, not even in South Africa, have losses, disgraces, and disasters accumulated upon the devoted head of England as they have accumulated in Egypt; and to the ordinary Englishman it may seem that there has been no countervailing advantage. Those who understand the facts of course know better; they know that, utterly unnecessary as the sacrifices of life, of money, and of honour in Egypt have been—deserving as those to whom these sacrifices are due are of the heaviest punishment—the possession of Egypt, or rather the exclusion of other Powers from the possession of Egypt, is yet a thing for which every wise English statesman would make all necessary sacrifices with cheerfulness. And besides, knowing this, they feel that, if Egypt were to be given up, the only possible solace for the losses and disasters incurred would disappear. It is natural, if unwise, to dislike a too dearly-bought possession; but it is infinitely more unwise to throw it away. England has often enough shown that, if she expects every Englishman to do his duty, he must do it without any other thanks or reward but the fulfilment of the expectation. She has never shown this more strongly or less creditably than in the case of General GORDON; but the last insult to GORDON's memory would be to throw away that influence for the maintenance of which he spent his life. And, unfortunately, it is certain that in Mr. GLADSTONE's new Cabinet there are other men beside himself who have set their hearts on throwing away this influence. Facts, it is true, are rather hard for them, and an occupation such as England has now carried on for four years is not to be



brought to an end in a day, or a month, or six months, as Lord HARTINGTON once found out to his cost. But it is pretty certain that what can be done will be done by a Ministry which in this respect, at any rate, may be said to come into office pledged to inflict a blow on the prosperity of England.

It is thus principally in Egypt that the ill effect of the change of Government is likely to be felt, assuming that the annexation of Burmah is not interfered with, and that Mr. GLADSTONE does not return to his disastrous system of offending every European Power except France. Here, however, and here only, there is consolation in the anomalous construction of the House of Commons. Had Mr. GLADSTONE had a less solid and doggedly obedient majority in the early years of the last Parliament, it would have been impossible for him to carry out the policy which has been so fatal in South Africa and in Afghanistan. He has now, if he has a majority at all, one so shifting and untrustworthy that it will require the most delicate using. And thus, though he may doubtless count on the support of the Parnellites in any measure damaging to England, there is some chance of his not attempting new capitulations and new retreats.

#### MURDER IN FRANCE.

GR<sup>EAT</sup> attention is paid to murder considered as a fine art in French literature, and not without excuse, or, as some would prefer to put it, without effect. On this point, however, some doubt may be permitted. Mr. CARLYLE did not think that SCHILLER's *Robbers* produced any other effect on the youth of Germany than to make them yawn a little less. MM. GABORIAU and FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY, and the humble literary gentlemen who write the French penny dreadfuls are entitled to the same favourable judgment until some man of science proves the connexion between feeling interested by reading of murders and enjoying committing them. In these things it is always so difficult to tell which is potter and which is pot. Are murders common because they are written about, or are they written about because they are common? Further, we incline to think that our friend the assassin is unduly complimented when he is credited with so much susceptibility to literature. Those good old motives, lust, revenge, and avarice, are quite enough to account for his inclination to take his neighbour's life and money. Besides, why is the peaceful story-writer to be made responsible for the rapid increase of crime in France when another and perfectly satisfactory explanation can be found?

M. GRÉVY begins his new term of office with every opportunity of exercising his favourite prerogative, and is known to enjoy signing orders for remitting the penalty of death. For some time to come he is likely to have this pleasure almost daily. His breakfast-table will be covered with orders for reprieve, and whatever French paper is equivalent to the *Morning Post*. During the last month of his first seven years of office murders or murderous assaults were committed at the rate of one a day. A gamekeeper was murdered at Chalons on the first and a woman was killed by a person described as her lover on the last of January. She had refused him money. Between the two dates there happened nine-and-twenty assassinations or attempts to assassinate, ordinary and extraordinary. To the first class belong the killing of the gamekeeper, the stabbing of the detective at Passy on the 3rd, the murder of the Spaniard at Narbonne on the 4th, the murderous assault by a girl of sixteen (a dangerous age) on the 12th, the strangling of the old maid in her garters on the 25th, the removing of the washerwoman by her husband on the 19th, and a round dozen of others. To the extraordinary class belong the murders of LANGLOIS by his son, of M. BARRÈME by some person unknown, and of the engineer, M. WATRIN, at Decazeville, by a mob in the presence and with the connivance of the authorities. Even in France, where *ma mère* is considered entitled to the lion's share of her children's affections, a parricide is still a crime of exceptional atrocity. The death of M. BARRÈME is perhaps the most interesting of all to the English reader, since it incidentally gave the French police an opportunity of showing that they could be nearly, if not quite, as stupid and indolent as the force at Brighton showed themselves in the famous case of LEPROY. The hideous slaughter of M. WATRIN at Decazeville stands wholly by itself, unless a parallel is to be found for it in Spain. Even in that classic land of butcheries, however, we doubt whether anything quite equal to it could easily be discovered. Irishmen would have

committed the murder, no doubt; but up to the present they could not have calculated on the connivance of the authorities. It was this which makes the crime at Decazeville so especially horrible. Inquiry has shown that M. WATRIN was murdered by a mere handful of ruffians. The mass of the workmen took no part in the riot. The Mayor might have saved the engineer with ease. He was asked by the gendarmes to allow them to interfere, and refused. He even ordered the police into their barrack, and permitted the riot to last all day. It was only after nine hours of rioting and bullying that the murderers felt sufficiently encouraged by impunity to commit the crime. The conduct of the higher authorities was of a piece with that of the Mayor. When the Prefect was informed of what had happened hours too late, and did at last arrive on the spot with soldiers enough to have made a clean sweep of the whole district, it took him a day more to pluck up courage to arrest a few of the criminals. This craven representative of authority had been so impressed by the vigorous attitude of the sovereign people—the twenty cutthroats to wit—that he was only prevented with great difficulty from ordering M. WATRIN's corpse to be smuggled out of a back-door. But if the Prefect did not think it his duty to see to the capture of the murderers at once, if the Mayor was more afraid of them than of showing himself a coward, if both have displayed an astounding tenderness for the feelings of the criminals, there is nothing very astonishing in their conduct. It is only a more pronounced version of what has been the line taken by M. GRÉVY during his whole tenure of the Presidency. Throughout he has acted as if it was his duty to be peculiarly tender to offenders who were guilty of the most callous cruelty. Men who have committed murders too shocking to be described have been reprieved, apparently greatly to the satisfaction of those tender-hearted people who can take no interest in any human being till he has behaved like a hungry wild beast. We commend the results to the attention of the advocates for the abolition of capital punishment. After a few years' practical abolition in France, murders and murderous assaults are occurring at the rate of one a day. The 1st of February was clear, but the second had its due crime in the Baron ARTAUD HAUSSMANN's attack on M. DE MONTAUSAN in the Hôtel du Louvre. The connexion between the diminution of punishment and the increase of crime would seem to be pretty obvious. It is time that soft-hearted persons in high places should learn that they are not to make a merit of safely indulging their softer emotions at the expense of the people it is their duty to protect.

#### RANSOM AT THE LAW COURTS.

MR. RUSKIN has somewhere contrasted the ancient and highly respectable custom of levying blackmail with the modern and highly disreputable system of obtaining goods on credit. If Mr. RUSKIN, like the late Mr. CRUIKSHANK, frequented the law courts in search of the picturesque, he would, unless two correspondents of the *Times* are strangely mistaken, discover that his favourite old practice has been revived by the ushers of the High Court of Justice. Let no man despise an usher. The usher has, no doubt, one conspicuous failing. He never can remember that "he who in quest of quiet 'silence' hoots is apt to make the hubbub he imputes." But, barring his forgetfulness of that immortal couplet, an usher has few imperfections. He is the embodiment of respect for law. He continues to be daily excited by the entrance of the judge. He is always amused by every joke that "emanates from the Bench." If his lordship complains of being dazzled by reflected light, the usher immediately removes the bald-headed man on a back seat who is unconsciously committing this contempt of court. Such a step was, at all events, taken at Lincoln's Inn on a memorable occasion. But, though the usher acts as chorus to the judge, he is not unmindful of his own dignity. He bullies witnesses, and is not unduly respectful to the junior Bar. He knows the limits which separate his functions from those of the Bench, like the crier in a certain assize town who was asked what he thought of one of HER MAJESTY's present judges. "I never saw such a judge in my 'life,'" said the worthy man. "He wanted to be judge, and jury, and counsel, and witnesses, and crier, and 'everything.'" It is sad to find that a being so exalted as an usher can stoop to practices which even Mr. RUSKIN would

scarcely justify in these degenerate days. A country solicitor complains that, as he was leaving a court in which he had been professionally engaged, an usher approached him and said, "I hope you will not forget me now you have won your cause." Among all the various opinions which have been expressed on the subject of legal costs, it has never, so far as we are aware, been suggested that they were not high enough. It may seem hard to an usher that he should have none of the pickings, and in this case, though he failed with the solicitor, he extracted a coin from the client. But it seems desirable to draw the line at ushers. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, in the speech which SYDNEY SMITH put into his mouth, testified his deep sense of gratitude to the coachman who had driven him to Westminster, to the lamplighter who had not forgotten the streets, and to the doorkeeper who had admitted him into the House of Commons. Such feelings do honour to human nature. But when these objects of the philosopher's all-pervading benevolence demand our charity in the form of a tax, they become a nuisance, and have to be suppressed. A successful litigant may perhaps feel ready, for half an hour after the verdict, to give anybody anything. He had better wait until he sees his lawyer's bill, and learns how costs as between party and party differ from costs as between solicitor and client.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has promptly responded to the country solicitor's appeal. "I hope I need not say," writes Lord COLERIDGE, who expresses himself with characteristic subtlety—"I hope I need not say that such conduct is not only contrary to rule, but that the ushers know that, if discovered, it will be followed by the heaviest penalty in my power to inflict." We trust we are not far wrong in concluding that Lord COLERIDGE means to say that he wishes the public did not require to be told that an usher who asks for a tip will be dismissed. Probably this correspondence may lead to a stoppage of the practice for the short time during which anything is remembered in this world of change. Meanwhile it has been made apparent that solicitors and their clients are not the only victims of the usher in search of a gratuity. Mr. W. S. COLLARD, who seems to spend a considerable portion of his life in serving on special juries, complains that even the jury-box is not safe from the exactions of the usher. "The evident disinclination," says Mr. COLLARD, "on the part of the ushers to hand over the shilling, as well as the sovereign to special jurors, is at times most marked, and the sooner this species of blackmail is stopped the better, if we desire to retain our reputation of (sic) impartial justice." The reference to impartial justice seems, if Mr. COLLARD will forgive the criticism, a little off the point. The conduct of the ushers is impartial enough, and indeed almost artistically indiscriminate. No doubt everything depends upon the point of view, and probably the ushers are astonished at their own moderation in not retaining the sovereign. But an attempt to dock a juror of part of his fee is really the last straw. Jurors have a hard time of it, even when they get what the law allows them. In criminal cases this is just nothing at all. Common juries divide, we believe, the magnificent sum of forty shillings among them. Finally, a special jury receives one guinea. Considered as a remuneration for his services, the sum is, as Mr. TRUMBULL said of the gold-headed cane left him by PETER FEATHERSTONE, positively farcical. Even the jurors in the great TICHBORNE case were legally entitled to no more than a guinea a head, though we believe that by the consent of both parties they received a guinea a day. The ushers in the Royal Courts of Justice may, even if all tales be true, be favourably compared with those functionaries who brought ZADIG the gold awarded to him for finding the Queen's dog and the King's horse. "Le greffier, les huissiers, les procureurs vinrent chez lui en grand appareil lui rapporter ses quatre cent onces; ils en retinrent seulement trois cent quatre-vingt-dix-huit pour les frais de justice; et leurs valets demandèrent des honoraires." Operations on this scale are conducted with us by more dignified persons than even the usher.

#### COBBETT.

MR. MILNES GASKELL has published in the *Nineteenth Century* a lively article on COBBETT, whose reputation is fading from popular memory. The subject is so interesting, and Mr. GASKELL understands it so well, that he might advantageously have resisted the temptation of

digressing into obsolete manners and old-world scandals. COBBETT himself felt no dislike for the social conditions of his time, except as far as they affected farmers and labourers. That a great nobleman on a journey should, as Mr. GASKELL relates, travel with five carriages and bring up the rear on horseback with the Ribbon and Star of the Garter on his coat, would have appeared to COBBETT, as well as to other contemporaries, a natural and unobjectionable proceeding. If a peer also owned boroughs, he provoked the angry patriot's genuine indignation. Some of COBBETT's personal tastes would shock his successors in the business of agitation. Miss MITFORD's published correspondence includes two or three letters from COBBETT to her worthless father, Dr. MITFORD. They had formed an intimacy which was founded partly on their Radical sympathies, and more especially on their common love of coursing. In one of his letters COBBETT exerts his unequalled powers of vituperation against a neighbouring clergyman who had interfered with his sport. The benefice of the offender contained a tract of open grassland abounding in hares. The previous incumbent had given COBBETT the exclusive right of coursing. His successor extended the privilege to the other farmers of the parish. The consequence is an invective against the worthless and hypocritical priest which is not exceeded in virulence by any attack which he made on PITT or CASTLEREAGH, on BROUGHAM or PEEL. The flagrant extravagance and injustice of his denunciation throw a light on the temper which he displayed in more serious controversies.

Like some other men of genius, COBBETT studied his own character, and played on his foibles for the promotion of his objects. His power of putting himself in a passion was a part of the secret of his strength. A far wickeder and weaker demagogue in the worst part of the French Revolution issued incentives to murder under the title of *La grande colère du Père Duchesne*. The English agitator had no such bloodthirsty purpose; but his *Register* depended for its popularity on wrath which seemed never to be appeased. His censures would have seemed more thoroughly in earnest if his antipathies had been less indiscriminate and universal. The Jews, the Methodists, the Quakers, the Edinburgh Reviewers, and many other classes of the community were to him as hateful as the worst of boroughmongers. He complained that he could not walk about the streets in peace on Saturdays for the noise of the Jews blaspheming in their synagogues, and he welcomed with unfeigned delight the conviction of a Quaker for murder. "Surely," he exclaimed, "the Quakers and Unitarians" (who were in no way concerned in the transaction) "will after this acknowledge that there is a God." The nature and force of the demonstration were not obvious; but the assumption that it was required served his purpose. Mr. GASKELL does no more than justice to the singular beauty of COBBETT's less controversial writings. He could never resist the temptation of an assault on any adversary who crossed his path; but through long intervals between his outbursts of indignation his *Rural Rides* are among the best prose idylls in English literature. The tribute to his wife which is quoted by Mr. GASKELL is as graceful as it is evidently sincere. Among her other excellences, she was not only "so free from all disguise, and withal so beautiful," but also "so talkative and in a voice so sweet, so cheering, that" she made him happy and added to his powers of serving his country. Sometimes he deviates from rural descriptions and precepts into a characteristic sarcasm. An elaborate receipt for curing bacon ends, after directions how to hang up the flitch, with a caution to the owner to take care that when he is from home the Methodist minister shall not call on his wife and wheedle her out of the best rasher. His dietetic principles vary widely from the temperance doctrines which are preached by his successors. He is never tired of sneering at the novel practice of drinking tea; and he combines his lamentations over the diminished consumption of beer with his wrath against the fiscal burdens which had made it scarce and bad. In all his prejudices, if not in all his political opinions, COBBETT was an ideal Englishman of the rural class, though his representation of the type sometimes bordered on caricature.

His original and characteristic English style bears traces of the influence of SWIFT and DEFOE. In one of his numerous fragments of autobiography he tells the story of his leaving home at the age of ten to seek for employment, which he found in the Royal Gardens at Kew. On the last night of his journey, having no means of procuring supper or bed, he lay down in shelter of a haystack, took *The Tale of a Tub* out of his pocket, and read it as long as there was



light. The humour and the masculine vigour of SWIFT must have been eminently congenial to his intellect and character. His pleasure in homely details re-called the memory of DEFOE. Though he constantly repeated himself, his unflinching freshness and spirit made him for many years the most popular writer of his time. The extensive circulation of the *Register* was principally confined to the class of farmers and tradesmen, though judicious critics of higher pretensions appreciated his rare literary gifts. COBBETT contributed to prepare the way for the political changes which followed by exciting a general spirit of discontent. It is doubtful whether he was really anxious to redress the anomalies which he incessantly denounced. Satirists who thrive on the abuses which they condemn are impatient of the aid of earnest and practical allies. During his long warfare with Tory Ministers COBBETT must have been well aware that they could only be defeated by the efforts of the regular Opposition; but he detested the Whigs both as members of an aristocratic faction and as rival candidates for popular favour. Any Government which could have been formed from the death of PITT to the death of CANNING would have almost certainly encountered his hostility.

COBBETT's aspirations to a seat in Parliament were finally gratified simultaneously with the overthrow of his enemies, the hated boroughmongers; but he felt that he had little share in the triumph, and his personal ambition was gratified too late. Professedly anonymous journalists have never been regarded with favour as members of the House of Commons, where they seem to take an unfair advantage by their use of two kinds of weapons against their adversaries. The objection to the most personal and egotistical of political writers was necessarily stronger. The weekly diatribes which appeared in the *Register* could not be repeated with effect in oral debate. At the same time, the dominant reformers were sensible that COBBETT's support of their cause was not hearty, and they were indisposed to recognize his former services. It was, in truth, evident that he was baffled by the removal of the barriers against which he had so long been exerting his strength. The necessity for an incessant struggle was at an end, and it was not expected that further organic changes would be attempted in the lifetime of that generation. There are few records of COBBETT's success or failure in debate. The qualities of speakers and writers, though not necessarily incompatible, are in many respects different. The most successful Parliamentary orator of the present day becomes weak and awkward as often as he ventures on literary composition. If COBBETT had entered Parliament earlier, his abundant humour and his command of idiomatic English would probably have ensured success; but after middle age newcomers in the House of Commons almost always fail.

COBBETT's Parliamentary career lasted only for three years, and it ended even before his death in a ruinous defeat. Among the numerous objects of his animosity, PEEL had since the year 1819 been one of those who were most constantly stigmatized in the *Register*. The author or instrument of the resumption of specie payments was held up to ridicule under the ingenious nickname of "Peel's Bill." "Peel," and COBBETT had repeatedly declared that his first motion in the House of Commons would be for an Address to ask that the offender's name should be struck off the roll of the Privy Council. It was wholly unnecessary to redeem a promise which had never been regarded as serious; but COBBETT obstinately persisted in moving his absurd Resolution. Sir ROBERT PEEL might perhaps have done better to treat a feeble attack with contempt; but he determined to crush an unequal and wanton assailant. After a conclusive vindication of his own character, PEEL referred significantly to a recent case in which COBBETT had displayed scandalous ingratitude to his benefactor, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT. "Why," said PEEL, "does the honourable gentleman select me as the 'object of his attack? I am not his friend, I have done him no service. I have no claim to his forbearance or his 'gratitude; and yet he directs his calumnies against me.'" The allusion was instantly and universally understood; and COBBETT had no answer to make. He had provoked an adversary who was more than his match, and he never recovered the blow. If he failed in the House of Commons, he seems to have won the confidence of his constituents. For many years after COBBETT's death his son was member for the borough of Oldham; and it may be added that, although he displayed none of his father's genius, he was generally respected within and without the walls of the House of Commons.

## SCHEDULE D.

ALTHOUGH the invincibly sanguine disposition common among Englishmen induces most observers of current events to anticipate a short career for Mr. GLADSTONE's third Ministry, it is obviously by no means improbable that it may easily last long enough to add something, say three-pence or fourpence, to the existing rate of the Income-tax. Few, therefore, among that still considerable body of Englishmen which contrives to extract out of some trade, business, or concern, or some profession, employment, or vocation, a yearly profit of not less than 150*l.*, can afford to look with indifference upon the ingenious manoeuvres devised from time to time by the inferior officers of Inland Revenue, with the laudable design of increasing the resources of a country for whose welfare all are anxious, at the expense of chance individuals who may or may not be deserving of prosperity. One of these is so simple in its method, and when successfully employed so exasperating to the victim, as to be almost irresistible to the official mind which once takes it into consideration. It may therefore be useful briefly to indicate to our readers the sort of snare which is sure to be set for many of them sooner or later.

It depends on the fact that in these days almost every one who has a vocation worth 150*l.* a year exercises it away from home. To chambers, an office, a shop, or the like, each citizen who is amenable to the terrors of Schedule D daily repairs, and there nurses the income, be the same more or less, which cannot on a three years' average be fairly estimated at a lower figure than 150*l.* There are, therefore, two places where the citizen with a vocation continually resorts—his dwelling-house and the place where he carries on his vocation. The Legislature has in its wisdom decreed, by the Income-tax Act, 1842, that "Every person being a 'householder (except persons engaged in any . . . vocation) shall be charged to the said duties contained in 'Schedule D by Commissioners acting for the parish or 'place where his dwelling-house shall be situate. And "every person engaged in any . . . vocation shall be "chargeable by the respective Commissioners acting for the "parish or place where such vocation shall be carried "on." It is, therefore, clear that no Income-tax Commissioner has a right to endeavour to make an assessment under Schedule D at the dwelling-house of any one carrying on a vocation in another district. Unhappily, however, the law of Income-tax is known to few, probably to no one in its entirety, and the Commissioners in all districts are in the habit of attacking the solvent citizen wherever they can find him. Consequently, nothing is more common than for the victim of Schedule D to find one lawful inquisition into his most private affairs at the place of his vocation, and another perfectly unlawful one at his home. He has a right to treat the latter with contempt; but, in the first place, he probably does not know his rights, and, in the second place, if he did, the exercise of them might, and probably would, be the occasion of no inconsiderable annoyance, and the endurance of an amount of petty official insolence which might well make him sceptical about the freedom of our great country. The probability is, therefore, that he fills up both returns, mildly indicating to each set of officials that he has no intention of paying both. Then they both assess him, and the odds are that they take different views of the amount of his income. If the rightful Commissioners assess him higher than the wrongful Commissioners, he is only too likely to pay the latter, and confront the lawful demand with the unlawful receipt. His enemies now have him on the hip, and, after exposing him to the unenviable choice between undergoing the prolonged torture of cross-examination by the Commissioners for the hearing of appeals, and submitting to what he cannot but believe to be an extortionate demand, enjoy themselves thoroughly while he is going through the arduous task of wringing from the collectors, who had no right to collect it, the money which he paid them through his ignorance and their disregard of the law. On the other hand, if the lawful assessment is lower than the unlawful, he most likely pays that, and then, with an unanswerable case against the invaders of his home, sternly repels their demand. But, though there is a fierce joy in smiting your enemy when the substantial victory is undeniably your own, it is correspondingly woful for the vanquished, and the vanquished lets you know it, and shows you that it is only when you have got him in the wrong that you find out what the insolence of office really means. Therefore all persons with vocations and dwelling-houses will find it advantageous to remember that a Schedule D paper has no

business in the family circle, and when it appears there should be treated, not, indeed, with cunning wiles for the circumvention of its author, but with inexorable firmness and no symptoms of a policy of conciliation.

#### HOW DEER ARE KILLED IN THE NEW FOREST.

IF a correspondent of the *Standard*, who signs himself "Vigilando Sapiens," is to be believed, the attention of a well-known Society should be directed to the New Forest. Pigeon-shooting is a cruel amusement. Poisoning pigeons with methylated spirits is a good deal worse. But we are not sure that the way in which deer are said to be "thinned" in Hampshire is not worst of all. There is some analogy between the case of the New Forest deer and the case of the Museum pigeons. The deer, like the pigeons, become too numerous, and "steps" have to be taken for reducing their number. A state of things in which everybody agrees that "something must be done" is proverbially dangerous. The deer seem to be suffering, like the public in general according to Mr. PAYN, from over-cultivation. Having been allowed to dwindle almost into extinction, they have since been carefully preserved. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests, or whoever may be responsible for the administration of the property, are perhaps subject to the alternate hot and cold fits which cynics assert to be the only true explanation of English policy. Anyhow, they began to look after the deer just in time to prevent these interesting animals disappearing off the face of the earth. The over-cultivation of deer means, unfortunately, the under-cultivation of the adjacent country which is not protected against their incursions. It therefore becomes necessary, though Miss COBBE would no doubt deny the necessity, to sacrifice a certain number of deer in the interests of the community. So far most people who are neither vegetarians nor fanatics would be prepared to go. In the New Forest, however, they go a good deal farther. They seem to think in that picturesque part of the world that, as long as a deer is killed, it does not much matter how the deed is done. This is not a doctrine which will be generally acceptable. There is, indeed, something peculiarly repulsive to the ordinary mind in cruelty to deer. They are such beautiful creatures, they comport themselves with so much dignity, they move with such exquisite grace, that they seem, at least, to be of more value than the sort of people employed to destroy them in the New Forest. It is not, indeed, even thought necessary by these noble sportsmen to kill the deer outright. "I have," says the correspondent already referred to, "I have within the last few years frequently met with 'lame and broken-legged deer, evidently injured by shooting; and on one occasion I was requested by a keeper, 'himself in pursuit of one of these unfortunate creatures, 'to put an end to a broken-legged buck, should I come 'across it while rabbit-shooting."

It is painful to think of the sufferings which these poor animals undergo. But what the public would like to know is who authorizes such proceedings, and how long they are to continue. It seems that boys and under-keepers go out "with antiquated shot-guns" to shoot the deer in the New Forest. Who sends them? Of course Colonel KINGSCOTE knows nothing about it. He is too good a sportsman not to be horrified at such things. But he can no longer plead ignorance, and he is bound—if indeed he be, as we suppose, the official concerned—to investigate the matter at once. Unfortunately the story is not altogether a new one. There were several letters in the *Standard* some months ago making similar complaints. The New Forest is, of course, the property of the Crown, and the country has therefore a double interest in the repression of this odious cruelty. "An unlucky doe starved to death through a hind leg 'broken just above the foot, the wound having evidently 'been inflicted days before by a charge of small shot," is not a pleasant product of modern civilization to contemplate. It would be bad enough if these acts were committed with impunity by poachers. But they are stated to be the work of keepers, under-keepers, and their assistants, men presumably in the public service, and responsible to a public department. When the House of Commons is again in a condition to attend to business, some Hampshire member should ask a question on the subject. If a Government office manages an estate, it usually confines itself to making as much profit for the taxpayer as possible. But something is due to decency, and to the dictates of common humanity. Moreover, we presume

that people who torture deer, whether in pursuit of "sport" or with the object of reducing the cervine population, come within what they call in Ireland "the ordinary law." One would fain hope that the under-keeper and the lad who told "Vigilando Sapiens" that they were "commissioned" to shoot the deer with old shot-guns lied. Such brutal callousness on the part of respectable officials is happily rare.

#### "LIGHT" ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

IT would be amusing, if amusement were not so often merged in disgust, to observe the number of persons who are solemnly preparing to justify a wholly commonplace act of civil cowardice on grounds of high statesmanship and political philosophy. What with the monthly periodicals, and their yield of counsel and comment upon Irish Home Rule in its various aspects, and what with the indefatigable Mr. ANDREW REID, with his newly-compiled "Book of Light on the Irish Problem," one might really think that that problem was something more and other than the world-old question with which men and nations are constantly being confronted, and which must be answered not by words but by deeds—not by saying this or saying that, but simply by standing to their guns or taking to their heels. How far this despicable imposture or self-deceit may be carried let the dedication of Mr. REID's volume declare. He has inscribed it to Mr. GLADSTONE "with reverence and affection, in the hope that 'at this period of National Darkness it may give some 'Light.' For such a piece of empty pomposity Mr. BURCHELL's interjection is the only adequate criticism. A "period of 'National Darkness,' quotha! When, pray, did it set in? When did Mr. ANDREW REID and Mr. THOROLD ROGERS and Mr. RUSSEL WALLACE and Mr. REGINALD BRETT discover the existence of this 'palpable obscure'? Was it before or since Mr. PARNELL came back to Westminster with eighty odd followers, and it became evident to these excellent Liberal persons that it would be necessary either to knuckle under to him or to grapple with him in earnest? How many of Mr. REID's contributors can lay their hands on their hearts and say that they were as painfully impressed by the perplexities of the Irish question three years, two years, six months ago as they are now? Can Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD say so? Can Miss (or Mrs.) BATESON? Can the Rev. T. J. LAWRENCE, and the Rev. R. A. CLAND ARMSTRONG, and Dr. MATTHEW ROBERTSON, and Mr. A. I. TILLYARD, M.A. Camb. But for the present we must leave Mr. REID and his drolly-assorted team of revolutionaries and nobodies to take care of themselves, while we give precedence to one who, from the academical point of view, has a much higher claim to it—we mean Professor FREEMAN. Of Professor FREEMAN we must hasten to admit that he, at least, has not needed the awakening influence of a Parnellite majority to convince him that "there is a great deal to be said both for Home Rule 'and against it." Discussed from the standpoint which he is accustomed to take up on such questions, he found, as he reminds us in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, a great deal to say about it a dozen years ago; though in his present article he is, if we mistake not, giving that respectable periodical the privilege of substantially reprinting certain letters of his which are of much more recent publication. Professor FREEMAN may claim to have been a Home Ruler in theory, or to have a theoretical leaning toward Home Rule before the question became what is called a practical one at all, and he at any rate escapes the suspicion of having discovered the "darkness" and difficulty of the question, only when it is taking the shape of that most disagreeable of issues—"Fight or fly."

Nor, indeed, is the question "dark" to Professor FREEMAN in the sense in which Mr. ANDREW REID and company would like us to think that they find it. On the contrary, after a very skilful analysis of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. LABOUCHERE's schemes, he avows most clearly and courageously his own recognition of the "possibility" that in attempting to "give Irishmen such a measure of local 'independence as may satisfy their wishes," the "final 'choice may really be between the two very ugly alternatives of complete separation and complete subjugation." Without exactly saying as much, Professor FREEMAN lets us perceive clearly enough that in that last resort his voice would be for complete separation, and though we imagine that it would not be very difficult to deduce from his



opinions arguments against his own conclusion, it is not necessary to our present purpose to make the attempt. We simply wish to contrast the position of a man who has long schooled himself to contemplate a dismemberment of the Empire as the more eligible of two possible alternatives with the position of those "thoughtful persons" who were vapouring out their "Never, nevers" a few months ago in the faces of the Irish Separatists, and are now, as pretended converts of the Great Pretended Convert, endeavouring to gild their worthless amalgam of cowardice and sycophancy with the coarse lacquer of hypocritical sentiment. Mr. ANDREW REID has only succeeded in collecting a few of these specimens in his absurd little volume. There are many more of them to be met with "in our walks abroad" than can be induced to display themselves in print. We do not know whether Mr. REID has worked as hard to get an answer to "Why am I a Home Ruler?" out of members of Parliament as he did to make them deliver themselves on the question "Why am I a Liberal?" but, if so, he has met, as we might have expected, with a good deal more coyness on the part of his correspondents in the latter case than he did in the former. Only four members have replied to him; and two of these—Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN—do not, of course, count. Of ex-M.P.'s and would-be M.P.'s, such as Mr. REGINALD BRETT and Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, there are three or four more; and the rest of the book is filled up with the intensely interesting speculations of the Rev. ACLAND ARMSTRONG and those other colleagues of his who argue ourselves unknown, and the passionate pleadings of Miss (or Mrs.) ANNA BATESON. The Rev. A. A.'s peroration will serve as a sample of the whole. For he says, does this reverend gentleman, that "amid the Babel of political passion and the labyrinth of political intrigue he will do 'best who most steadfastly stands by the conviction that 'the just course is always the wise course'; and, after this beautiful remark, he casually adds that we possess one statesman who may be trusted to act upon this principle, and 'for his word we wait.' Why not say 'for his walking-stick' at once? The situation is so evidently that of the official French press as described by PRÉVOST PARADOL under the image of a ring of terriers waiting to see in which direction their Imperial master would throw his cane. For whichever way Mr. GLADSTONE throws it, that way will lie 'the just course,' according to Mr. ACLAND ARMSTRONG and his like, many of whom have been staring at it without the faintest sign of recognition of its justice for any number of years. As to Mr. REID himself, who leads the way with a few pages of introduction, his cast of politics we know already, and his literary parentage on both sides will be instantly recognized. "Is the Empire in 'danger? What Empire? The British? . . . They laugh (you know them). Ah! your Empire of Liberty, &c. . . . Ah, ah, we fear it not." Can any one mistake the style of the "stern philosopher" who wanted to "arrest 'the agency'?"

We feel, however, that we owe some apology for lingering thus long over the gentlemen who "say ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE." Nothing is really worth attention in the present situation except the probabilities of action. The pretence of arguing a question which was threshed out years ago, and would never have stood a moment's chance of being re-admitted to discussion but for reasons founded upon the political necessities of Mr. PARNELL and the political ambitions of Mr. GLADSTONE, is really not worth the while of anybody not included among the followers of these two personages to keep up. We cannot even bring ourselves to study Professor BRYCE's able review of the question in the *Nineteenth Century* with the attention which at another and an earlier time we should have felt to be its due. For, while no one who is practically conversant with English politics can now doubt that any extensive conversion of Liberal politicians to a belief in the admissibility of Home Rule is possible, so no such person can imagine that any such conversion is necessary as a condition precedent to the concession of Mr. PARNELL's demands. All turns upon the question—not, indeed, a very doubtful one—how far Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to go in the way of dismembering the Empire, and on the somewhat more, but still not sufficiently doubtful, question how far he will be able to drag after him a competent majority of his followers. On the first point, the selection of Mr. JOHN MORLEY for the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant is of truly eloquent significance. It is about the most distinct notification

that Mr. GLADSTONE could have given us of the fact that he means business. That Mr. MORLEY's success as a party speaker, and his influence as a party manager, have fairly earned him a place in a Cabinet of Radical workers and Whig puppets will be generally admitted; but that his chief should send to Ireland the one man even among his Radical supporters who has dared to give open support to the Hawarden programme is a circumstance of which the meaning is unmistakable. The choice assigns what is for the moment by far the most important place in the Cabinet of inquiry and examination to the politician who has avowedly completed the work of inquiring and examining on his own account, and has openly admitted that it has resulted in reconciling him to the plan of giving legislative independence to Ireland. There is, therefore, we say, no room for doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE personally intends to do his utmost to carry out the programme which he did not "authorize," but has been most careful not to repudiate; and the sole remaining question is whether he can keep the Cabinet and his party together during the process. According to the "Radical View of the Irish Crisis"—which is known by everybody but the editor of the *Daily News* to be the view of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—we might suppose that he has no chance of doing so. The author or inspirer of that interesting manifesto in the *Fortnightly* has examined only to reject the various proposals for satisfying the Home Rule demand, and has pronounced very strongly in favour of undertaking what is humorously called the "settlement of the land question" in the first instance, and, in the event of Mr. PARNELL's refusing a reasonable offer, "appealing, if necessary, to the 'judgment of the Irish and English people.'" But this proposal was coupled with the chimerical suggestion that Mr. PARNELL himself—or, failing him, Mr. HEALY—should be challenged, in the interests of his constituents, to take up the burden of office, and the author of the proposal has himself since entered a Cabinet in which the place designated for Mr. PARNELL or Mr. HEALY has been offered to, and accepted by, a thoroughgoing advocate of concession to the entire Separatist demand. "Inquiry and examination," therefore, may be found to do wonders for the conversion even of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and, if so, Mr. GLADSTONE will have insured himself against the opposition of the sole member of the Cabinet who has hitherto succeeded in proving himself to be the proprietor of a will of his own.

#### REMEDIES FOR DEPRESSION.

THE depression in trade is a matter of common knowledge—as common as the commonplace which is talked about it. All the causes and the consequences have been made familiar by a thousand discussions. The bad seasons and the fall in prices which have pinched landlord and farmer, the foreign competition and protective tariffs which have pared down the profits of traders, have been detailed so often that it is superfluous to mention them. At the stage things have got to it is time to take the depression for granted, without inquiring too strictly into what it exactly means, and deal only with the remedies suggested or the proposals made to alleviate its consequences. Some of these last are only too obvious. The condition of agriculture is too plainly very bad, and we hear daily of the distressed state of the working classes. As a matter of course, plans for remedying this evil abound, and, equally as a matter of course, they are frequently the handiwork of quacks of the more or less acrid kind. Within the last few days the question has been discussed in three places by different inquirers, all in their various ways deserving of attention. None of the three came forward to agitate for the favourite nostrum of the time—which is, to tax one part of the community, to expropriate another, for the benefit of a third—and are, therefore, the more worthy to be listened to. The Central Chamber of Agriculture has argued the case of the farmers and landowners. A deputation of accredited delegates from the London United Working-Men's Committee has waited on the LORD MAYOR. A meeting has been held at the Holborn Town Hall, Gray's Inn Road, to listen to the eloquence of Mr. HYNDMAN and others.

Much as they differ in other respects, these three bodies have one point in common. They have no remedy to suggest which is admissible or would be effectual. The Chamber of Agriculture, which is well entitled to a first hearing, could only sigh more or less undisguisedly for Protection. If there were no other objections to the proposed remedy, its application

would be impossible for the very simple fact that, for every voter who is prepared to vote for a tax on foreign corn or meat, there are ten whose interest it is to vote for cheap bread. It would be fatuous to doubt the reality of the depression in agriculture, and it is cowardly to shirk the prospect at present before the country. The speakers who addressed the Chamber on both sides agreed in quoting evidence to show that farming cannot be made to pay in the present state of the market, and in saying that neither readjustments of local taxation nor reductions of rent will meet the evil. When corn cannot be sold at a sufficient price to pay its working expenses, and meat grown in England is undersold by meat imported from abroad, and even from the other side of the world, no relief of a shilling or two in the pound and no reduction of rent can put the farmer into a position to make a profit out of his farm. If he paid neither rent nor taxes he would still be a loser. The zeal of the members of the Chamber doubtless led them into somewhat overstating their case; but it is a strong one nevertheless. Nothing can be more natural than the impatience of the farmers with the recommendations made to them to wait for the Report of Lord IDDESLEIGH'S Commission, or to struggle along in hope that foreign growers of corn and meat will in time find that the present prices do not pay even them. Whatever the Commission proves, it can never show how to sell corn grown in England profitably at thirty-two shillings a quarter, or meat raised here at sixpence the pound in the retail market without loss. Even if foreign and colonial growers do find that they are unable to sell at present prices with a profit, and are compelled to ask for more, they will still be able to compete very easily with the home producer for years. The time when the two will stand on something like the same footing will not come till America and the Colonies, perhaps India should be included, have used up all the virgin soil which can be cultivated without the use of artificial manures. Even with the wasteful methods used in new countries this cannot happen for a long time. It is superfluous to point out what the consequences may be for English agriculture in the interval. Except in the speeches of Fair-traders and the manlier race of Protectionists, they are never named with their proper name. Few Free-traders have the courage to say that it is better agriculture should be ruined, or should, at least, sink into something altogether poorer and meaner than it is at present, than that the majority of the community should tax itself to keep the industry alive or in a flourishing condition. That with a population twice as large as we can possibly feed, and dependent for wages on a great export of manufactured goods, we cannot afford to make life dearer, and must allow farmers to be ruined to escape a worse evil, is an intelligible proposition, and one which could be defended by solid arguments. It sounds brutal, however, and the present race of Free-traders prefer to advise the farmer to bestir himself, and develop new ideas. In the majority of cases they console him with the cheerful confidence of the debilitated cousin who never doubted that everything would come round and be all square.

The deputation to the LORD MAYOR spoke for a class which receives more effectual sympathy than the farmers, and asked for a form of relief much more easy to be obtained than a tax on foreign corn or meat. They came as representing the unemployed workmen of London, and begged the LORD MAYOR to start a subscription. In these times any man or body of men professing to speak for the less fortunate of the working class is sure of a respectful hearing. This is doubtless, in the main, as it should be, but it leaves an opening for one of the many cantings of this cant-ridden generation. To speak plainly, we are of opinion that certain names appear too frequently in these deputations. There are many excellent persons who think it dreadfully sinful to impute motives, but in this wicked world it is permissible to believe that, if a London United Working-Men's Committee exists and has delegates, they must justify their existence. When among the accredited eleven who waited on the LORD MAYOR we find several who, as every reader of the newspapers knows, pass a large part of their lives in addressing public meetings in all parts of England, it is not wholly out of place to ask for security before accepting them as the proper representatives of the unemployed. They at least would seem to be engaged on their usual avocations. Doubt as to the perfect genuineness of the deputation is justified also by the fact that the LORD MAYOR had to pull up one of the delegates in the middle of a quite irrelevant attack on the Corporation. Whatever the management of Farringdon

Street Market may be, the question has nothing to do with the relief of the unemployed. They are undoubtedly deserving of active sympathy when they belong to the class which would work if it could. All the faults were not on one side in this interview, and the LORD MAYOR himself spoke like one of Mr. DICKENS'S typical moneyed men when he asked the deputation to remember that the straitened means of persons delicately brought up were harder to bear than the sufferings of the poor who have never known comfort. The sense and the politeness of his Lordship's remark were nearly on a level. It is, as the vulgar believe, and will continue to believe, harder for a man who has lived on eighteen shillings a week to want food than it is for another who has hitherto had a thousand a year to want a bottle of claret, though that also is a serious loss. When, however, the unemployed are spoken of as a body, it is well to know who they are, and why they are out of work. Before a subscription is started for their benefit, it would be well to have some security that it does not go to support the large class which lives on, if not by, the road described by "Employer" in *Wednesday's Times*. Nobody who has even a slight knowledge of the English countryside can doubt the truth of his account. A good specimen of the nonsense talked on the subject was afforded by "Captain" LEMON, who, we suppose, is a sailor holding a master's certificate. He complained of the great number of foreigners employed in English ships. If Englishmen are not taken it can only be because they do not come forward to sign articles at the same wages as foreign seamen, and that, again, can only be because better wages are to be got on shore. The want of seamen to man all our merchant-ships is, in fact, one of the most striking proofs of the general prosperity of the working class, and shows that wages have so greatly increased on shore as to draw men from the sea. Even, however, if it is true that the number of the unemployed is increasing permanently owing to the depression in trade, a subscription will afford little relief, unless it is to be spent in assisting emigrants.

The meeting at Holborn Town Hall may be dismissed in few words. It was addressed by Mr. HYNEMAN, and that describes it with sufficient accuracy. When it is said that a meeting was addressed by Mr. HYNEMAN, we know that some scores of loafers, either wholly fools or fools with a mixture of malignancy, have assembled to hear the commonplace of foreign Socialists repeated by rote. This gabble never was of any account in this country, and is ceasing to be of any importance even in its natural home. It has happily been proved by experience that the sane part of every community is quite strong enough to manage the insane minority, which would like to try reforming the world by robbery and murder.

#### THE BUDGET OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE'S financial statement as Vice-Chairman of the London School Board can hardly fail to be productive of good results. It is, to begin with, in the nature of an official acknowledgment of the justice of popular criticism on the recent administration of the educational system of the metropolis, and should thus effectually put to silence that easy form of defence which consists in referring all such criticism to the ignorant grumblings of the Vestryman class of local politician. This reply is disposed of once for all by Sir RICHARD TEMPLE'S exposure of the fact that the Board against which these complaints were directed compares unfavourably with its predecessors in respect of provoking them. There is no reason to believe that the "ignorant impatience of taxation" is any greater in one triennial period than another; and, if the ratepayer was more restive under the last Board than under the last but one, it now appears that he had excellent reasons for his difference of demeanour. The Vice-Chairman has pointed out that, in the period of 1879-82, the education rate was actually reduced from a fraction over sixpence to a fraction under it; while in the three years next succeeding it rose to over 8½d., and for the coming financial year will be nearly 9d. "I am bound," says the Vice-Chairman, "with all respect for the great and noble work achieved by the late Board, to draw in- partially the financial comparison as affecting it"; and he goes on to record the startling rise which took place in the educational charge between 1882 and 1885—namely, from a precept taxation of 810,896l. in the former year to one of 1,045,365l. in the latter; a sum which has further



mounted in the Budget of the current year, for which the late Board are responsible, to 1,128,046l.

An increase in the rate of something like 50 per cent. in the course of four years is surely enough to justify the economical reaction which has carried the present Board into power, and which we may now hope has not exhausted itself in that effort. The circumstances of the last election are as favourable to a prospect of future retrenchment as those of the previous election. Nothing can be of worse omen for the ratepayers than that those among them who are quickest to detect the signs of extravagance in a representative body should prematurely, or at any rate unsuccessfully, raise the cry of retrenchment. This, however, was what happened at the election of 1882. Even then there was a growing party among the Board's constituents who looked with dissatisfaction on the rapid growth of the charge for elementary education, and who endeavoured to impose their views upon the candidates. The bulk of the London ratepayers remained indifferent, and the defeat of the party of economy was naturally productive of more mischief than would have followed if they had abstained from the contest altogether. Their opponents treated their victory as a mandate from their constituents to "go ahead"; and they have certainly obeyed that mandate in a most heroic fashion. Having received, as they considered, a blank cheque from the electors, they have filled it up with a sum which has at last awakened the surprise and disgust of the drawer. There can be no doubt whatever as to the mandate with which the new Board has entered upon its functions. Londoners—and herein we include the most intelligent and wealthy among the population—have come very decidedly to the conclusion that the rate of speed of our educational philanthropists has become excessive, and that something must be done to arrest it, unless, indeed, it is tending of itself, and by the approach of the completion of the work of providing for the educational needs of the metropolis, to this desirable result. And it is gratifying to gather from Sir RICHARD TEMPLE'S Report that such is probably the case.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE faithful admirer who has found the PRIME MINISTER'S Address to his constituents to be a "masterpiece of writing," on the ground that it commits him to nothing—what a treasure of masterpieces he will leave behind him, if this is how they are achieved!—is surely somewhat unjustly neglectful of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. If Mr. GLADSTONE has said nothing which commits him to any definite course of policy on the question of the day, so neither has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The PRIME MINISTER says, in effect, that the social state of Ireland requires immediate attention, and the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD says the same thing. Both of them recognize the land question as demanding settlement; and both declare, under different forms of speech, that something must be offered in satisfaction of the Home Rule demand. If anybody can find any significance in their respective choice of phrases to express this idea, he is to be congratulated on his subtlety. Mr. GLADSTONE attributes to the Irish a "widely prevalent desire for self-government, extending beyond what is felt in Great Britain, as to local affairs"; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is convinced that "it will be necessary to concede to the Irish people much more extended control of their own domestic business." As regards the reservations under which this claim is to be conceded, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is copious and Mr. GLADSTONE concise; but we do not see that the many words of the former are any more "committing" than the few words of the latter. Our own humble opinion is that the coach-and-six of an Irish Viceroy on his way to College Green to open an Irish Parliament could be drawn with equal facility through the provisos of either. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appeals to his recent speeches, both before and after the election, as evidence of his firm intention to consent to no plan which will not sufficiently guarantee the continued supremacy of the Crown in that country and the integrity of the Empire. A Lord-Lieutenant, or any later substitute for such functionary, driving down in that coach-and-six to open Parliament, would clearly symbolize the "continued supremacy of the Crown"; while, as to the "integrity of the Empire," if the self-governing Colonies constitute no violation thereof, why, then, a self-governing Ireland? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if he has not produced a masterpiece of writing, has protected his future freedom of action quite as effectually as Mr. GLADSTONE in the

single short phrase in which he describes the aforesaid widely prevalent desire for self-government as being "necessarily subject in all respects to the law of Imperial unity." Whoever supposes that the "law of Imperial unity" means what the late Government called "the fundamental law of legislative union"—in other words, the Act of 1801—has a pleasing surprise in store for him. The "law of Imperial unity" will be found to mean (if convenient) precisely the same thing as the "integrity of the Empire." And the Empire will obviously maintain its "unity" and "integrity"—sufficiently for Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S purposes—so long as Ireland remains under the nominal authority of the British Crown. The independence which she can obtain under this condition will, however, be quite sufficient for Mr. PARNELL'S purposes, who does not ask as yet that Ireland shall be released from her allegiance to the occupant of the Throne of England.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S address will, no doubt, be yet more closely studied by those who are curious as to the order in which he proposes to approach the Irish questions which await him. This, again, the masterpiece no doubt succeeds in concealing; but, as we have no reason to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE has made up his mind on the point, and every reason to believe that, if he has, he has not succeeded in uniting his colleagues upon it, his astuteness in the concealment of his unformed intention need not impress us with too profound an awe. His mode of dealing with the matter is characteristic. He begins by saying that, when his last Administration came to an end, they had before them the three questions of social order, the land settlement, and local government. The late Ministry, he then goes on in effect to say, put the two latter in the background and proposed to make the former "the question of the hour"—"perhaps the work of the Session." Now that Mr. GLADSTONE has succeeded in overthrowing them and taking their places he will consider—for that is what it comes to—"whether this question ought or ought not to have been made the question of the hour"; adding, of course, that the new Government will "examine carefully" whether it is not "practicable to try some other method" than mere coercion for ministering to the wants of, &c. &c. This cool admission that "Jedwood justice" has been administered to the late Government under Mr. GLADSTONE'S direction ought to be appreciated in Scotland. His constituents, though familiar with the idea of Jedwood justice, are not the quickest of all people in the perception of irony. It is even doubtful whether they will taste the dry humour of the remark that the existence of the late Government has come to an end on "an issue altogether separate" from the question of Ireland.

#### CABINET-MAKING IN FICTION AND FACT.

MR. FROUDE'S *Oceana* is an admirable record of all that the distinguished traveller saw; but, if we may judge from one crucial instance, a much less trustworthy account of what he has heard.

Que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quam  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator—

these things are noted with keenness and exactitude. The "demissa per aures" are sometimes fable and myth. The eye in Mr. Froude's case—he will excuse us for thus dismembering him—is an intelligent and conscientious witness; the ear a confused and blundering one. We speak of Mr. Froude's eyes as they are engaged in the work of external observation. When he turns them on documents they play him false. Mr. Lecky has pointed out in the Irish chapters of his *England in the Eighteenth Century* many instances in which Mr. Froude cites authorities as declaring in their own names what they state as the falsehoods of others whom they are about to refute. He is like a man who, reading a letter by snatches, carries away the impression that the writer is saying what he is contradicting. We may take for illustration a parallel case from the biography of a man who, excepting in this infirmity, has little in common with Mr. Froude, save that his name began with F—as George and Gloster begin with G—a coincidence which Mr. Froude will not make light of, as it appears to be the secret basis—foundations are usually underground—of the startling parallel, which is the peroration and improvement, in the pulpit sense, of his life of Julius Cæsar. The Duchess of Kingston, writing to Foote, used some such words as these:—"You are the son of a merry-andrew and prostitute your abilities," &c. Foote, hastily reading, took the verb for a noun, and vindicated with just indignation the fair repate of his mother, who was a lady of unblemished character, the daughter of a Devonshire baronet of old family. This is Mr. Froude's way, though he has less excuse for it than the justly angry Foote might have pleaded.

The passage in the *Oceana* which has suggested these reflections

occurs very early in the volume, and ought to serve as a caution to the unwary to read Mr. Froude sceptically. Mr. Froude is speaking of the indifference with which the colonies are treated in our Ministerial arrangements, and the recklessness with which Secretaries of State for that department are appointed. "Sir Arthur Helps," he says, "told me a story singularly illustrative of the importance which the official mind has hitherto allowed to the distant scions of Oceana. A Government had gone out; Lord Palmerston was forming a new Ministry, and a preliminary council was arranging the composition of it. He had filled up the other places. He was at a loss for a Colonial Secretary. This name and that was (*sic*) suggested, and thrown aside. At last he said, 'I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come upstairs with me, Helps, when the council is over. We will look at the maps, and you shall show me where these places are.' It is quite impossible, as every one with even the most superficial knowledge of contemporary politics will perceive at once, that Sir Arthur Helps can have told Mr. Froude any such story as this, though he or somebody else may, of course, have said something out of which Mr. Froude's general ignorance and particular inaccuracy have constructed the fable which he has brought himself to believe and to recommend to the credulity of his readers. Sir Arthur Helps was Clerk of the Council. The preliminary Council to which Mr. Froude refers must, therefore, have been a meeting of what is called the Queen in Council, now held, under the presidency of the Sovereign, for purely formal business. Otherwise Sir Arthur Helps would not have been there. Mr. Froude, therefore, holds that the lists of Ministers are drawn up by the Queen in Council—that is to say, by the Queen in the presence of the great officers of the outgoing Government. He further labours under the idea that all the places in the Cabinet, down to the least important, could have been filled up, while that of one of the principal Secretaries of State could have been left unassigned. He is further under the impression that Lord Palmerston was once Secretary of State for the Colonies, and either held this office in a Government in which he was Prime Minister, or that, like Chatham and Pulteney, he was content to form an Administration, ceding the premiership to one of his colleagues. It is no matter which of these absurdities Mr. Froude chooses. He is ignorant that, until Lord Salisbury broke the hitherto invariable precedent by associating the office of First Minister with that of Foreign Secretary, no one since Walpole's accession to power has presided over the Government except as First Lord of the Treasury. The First Lord of the Treasury, when he has sat in the House of Commons, has sometimes been the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This combination was, indeed, the invariable rule until Sir Robert Peel set it aside on the formation of his second Ministry in 1841. Mr. Gladstone has twice restored the old usage in his own person. But the new departure made by Sir Robert Peel in 1841 has not in any other case been departed from. Fox, indeed, is sometimes loosely and inaccurately spoken of as having been First Minister in the Grenville Administration, in which he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs with the leadership in the Commons. But this is to confound his personal importance with his official position. Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Treasury, was Prime Minister—that is to say, he represented the Government as a whole in its relations with the Sovereign. Mr. Canning, when he became Premier, for a short time contemplated doing what Lord Salisbury has done. Essentially a Foreign Minister, he thought of uniting that office with the rank of First Minister. But he subsided into the old usage, and became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1855, when Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister for the first time, he took over the bulk of the Aberdeen Ministry, Mr. Sidney Herbert retaining the office of Secretary for the Colonies, so that there was no difficulty about filling up the post then. On his retirement he was succeeded by Lord John Russell, whose previous tenure of the Colonial Office is one of the most distinguished passages of his career, having been marked by the pacification of Canada, while his premiership saw the extension of self-government to our greater dependencies. There was no need to look for a Colonial Minister. The need of the moment was to find a Secretary of State for Lord John, who was at the time detached in politics, and whom it was desirable to reclaim from a rather aggressive independence. During Lord John Russell's absence on his Vienna mission Sir George Grey, then at the Home Office, took charge of colonial affairs also; Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, gave him assistance, partly to relieve him from a double burden, to which his failing strength was unequal, and partly, as he expressed it, to become acquainted with the current business of the Colonial Office—that is, to keep an eye on its administration, but not to learn where the colonies were. In truth, Lord Palmerston's acquaintance with political geography was probably larger than that of any politician of his time. As essentially an imperial statesman, devoted to the integrity and greatness of the Empire, his interest in and knowledge of colonial affairs was great and minute. Lord John Russell retired after his Vienna escapade; and he was succeeded, without litch or delay, by Sir William Molesworth, whose devotion to and knowledge of colonial politics gave him such position as he has among English statesmen. Sir William Molesworth dying, was succeeded by Mr. Labouchere, one of those safe Whig statesmen to whom no Prime Minister ever hesitates about giving anything. Something more might be said in favour of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. (now Lord) Cardwell, capable administrators of the Peelite school, who

presided over the Colonial Department in Lord Palmerston's second Administration.

There is, therefore, no room anywhere for Mr. Froude's story. It cannot be fitted into Lord Palmerston's career unless it be traced to a misunderstood Palmerstonian joke of the period when he was looking after Sir George Grey. The anecdote which Mr. Froude tells with circumstantial inaccuracy is one of those tales which float about in political gossip, and are fastened now on this public man, now on that. It is related of the late Lord Derby, when he became Colonial Minister, not, however, for the first time, under Sir Robert Peel; and that statesman's conviction that Demerara was an island gives some plausibility to this affiliation of it. It is told, with the proper variation of geographical detail, of Lord Palmerston when he became Home Secretary under Lord Aberdeen. But it is constitutionally and in fact impossible, as Mr. Froude has perhaps by this time discovered, if he has withdrawn his eyes from the ends of the earth and has observed what has taken place during the present week. Mr. Gladstone has not been holding preliminary Councils at Osborne and consulting Mr. Lennox Peel when the Council breaks up. He has been conferring with the Whips of the party, and exchanging visits with the statesman over the way in Carlton House Terrace and with the political seceder of Devonshire House. He has been talking over elderly Whig peers, whom with his remarkable gifts in that art he has almost persuaded to be modified Home Rulers. He has been convincing Lord Spencer and Lord Northbrook that in Irish politics they are of Mr. John Morley's way of thinking. Mr. Gladstone has had considerable practice in Cabinet-making. He is now for the third time Prime Minister of England, a distinction in which Lord Derby alone of his predecessors has anticipated him. His habit is said to be to draw up on paper lists of the various political offices, placing opposite each, as alternatives, the names of three or four more or less eligible statesmen; and then by a process of withdrawal and shifting to arrive at the definite list to be submitted to Her Majesty. Mr. Gladstone follows in politics what physicists call the method of residues. If some disappointed statesmen could know how near they were to office, if some placed low could be made aware how narrowly they have missed the invitation, "Friend, come up higher," the bitterness of exclusion might be in some slight degree sweetened. They have been Chancellors, and Secretaries, and Presidents potentially, if not actually. This at any rate is better than the fortune of a well-known political personage, who used to complain that he had been offered a "vevy reputable office in the Cabinet, and then, by Jove, sir, they took it away again"!

#### THE NAUGHTY BOYS.

IT was to be expected that the impudence of the few honest Whigs who voted against Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell last week should bring down on them the vengeance (or, to be more accurate, the wrath) of the Associations and the wirepullers who pretend to speak, and are too often allowed to speak, for modern constituencies. Almost all the more prominent rebels, except Lord Hartington (and it speaks well for the intelligence of Lord Hartington's constituents that they have recognized the extreme improbability of getting anything out of him by rating), have been lectured and bullied, and most of them have made some kind of reply to the lecture. We are not sure that Mr. Arthur Elliot is among the number of these latter, though large vials of the finest hyperborean wrath were poured out on his head even before the critical division of Tuesday week. We have often thought that the almost entire ignorance of provincial journals which prevails in London is a great misfortune—falling in, as far as that goes, with Mr. Gladstone, though from a different point of view. The import of the word "provincial" can hardly be fully seized until a reader is conversant with some of the remoter and more irresponsible organs of Gladstonianism. Thus, for instance, the wrath of the average Scotch Liberal newspaper with Mr. Arthur Elliot is a very instructive, though a not very lively, subject of study; and nothing can better explain to the student how such a phenomenon as Gladstonianism itself continues to exist among the *pagani*. Mr. Courtney appears to have taken the bull by the horns and anticipated censure by writing a letter saying how glad he should be to come down to Bodmin and explain matters. Now, of course, anybody would be glad to come down to Bodmin, which in some famous characteristics is a very Paris or Peebles of the West country; and, on the other hand, anybody who has ever heard Mr. Courtney speak would, of course, like to hear him speak again; so that perhaps there is no danger of twenty thousand Cornishmen insisting on the reason why Mr. Courtney chose to act up to his professions. But the folk of Bury, in Lancashire, of Tyneside (to think that there should be such folk beside such a river!), and of the *Scotsman's* own romantic town (it should be observed that to read the *Scotsman* is of itself a Tory education), took it other gates with Sir Henry James, with Mr. Albert Grey, and with Mr. Goschen. Far be it from us to attempt to discover who the grumblers were or what they represented, though in the Edinburgh case we have the indisputable warrant of the *Scotsman* itself for saying that they represented very little. The complaints, however, are less noteworthy—being, indeed, only the old hektograph business, Form X Series Y, "Rebuke to a Member



who has voted in accordance with his conscience"—than the answers they drew out. Sir Henry James let the Bury man off very easily, urging the sacrifices he has made—sacrifices about which the local busybodies who wrote to him were probably too ignorant to know anything, merely that he might remain an honest man. Sir Henry promises a statement—a statement made somewhat superfluous by the other remark, that he has simply kept his pledges to the electors, instead of (as he might have added) breaking them on the first tempting division, like most other members of the Liberal party. Mr. Goschen goes about more roundly with his fellows. With the characteristic stupidity of the lower kind of politician, Mr. Goschen's friends had protested against their member's "desertion of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party, whom he was returned to support." A duller man than Mr. Goschen would have seen the repartee. In the first place, Mr. Goschen pointed out that, if the voice of the meeting was the voice of Liberal electors, the voice of those who summoned it was the voice of a certain Radical Association which had actually opposed his own return. Secondly, Mr. Goschen begged to remind his critics that, if there was one point on which he had made his views clear, it was on the land reform system of Mr. Jesse Collings. And, thirdly, and best of all, in reference to "Mr. Gladstone . . . whom he was returned to support," Mr. Goschen politely reminded his censors that he had expressly stood "not under the shelter of any man's name," but on his own platform. So Mr. Goschen; after which the Radical and Advanced Liberal Association of the North-Eastern Division of Edinburgh may be best described as left sprawling.

The tale of Mr. Albert Grey is longer and more amusing. Some local Caucus or other got out the form as above, and Mr. Grey perhaps unnecessarily wrote, not to the United Association of Tyneside Twaddlers, or whatever their highly respectable name may be, but to the *Times*, pointing out that he had been distinctly returned on an anti-Home Rule platform, that he had distinctly appealed to his leader for an anti-Home Rule pledge, that the appeal had been disregarded, and that, in "common courage and honesty," he had to do what he had done. All which is quite indisputable. But now comes the fun of the fair. In the *Times* next day comes me cranking in a long letter signed "Robt. Leake," and dated from the Reform Club. It is probably not an extraordinarily rash supposition that the writer may be identified with the member for the Radcliffe Division of South-East Lancashire, a Liberal member of Parliament of some years' standing, who has certainly not distinguished himself by catching the Speaker's eye with the result of delivering any extraordinary political wisdom, though we believe him to have been a very faithful party man in the lobbies. Mr. Leake is very sorry for Mr. Albert Grey, all the more because of his "pleasant ways and Parliamentary industry," and most handsome it is of Mr. Leake these words to use, if we may borrow and slightly alter a locution from the late Mrs. General Baynes. Some of Mr. Albert Grey's friends, it seems, and of course Mr. Leake among them, "are asking themselves, Why have his many abilities and aptitudes [which most handsome it is, again] failed in making him at any time an item of strength to the Liberal party of which he is a member?" such an item of strength, for instance, as the member for the Radcliffe Division of South-East Lancashire. Mr. Leake, sadly pondering, expounds the uses of this inquiry. Even five years ago, it seems, Mr. Albert Grey was "an intelligent, though troublesome, critic of a Liberal Government," and what more pestilent fellow can there be than a critic who, confound him! is not only troublesome, but intelligent? The Mr. Leakes of this world, now, are not critics, they are not troublesome, they are not—but we really are getting rude, and quite unintentionally so. The old experience of the member for the Radcliffe, &c. (these newfangled titles are a horrible nuisance) hopes he [Mr. Grey] "may not be superior to the instincts of association on which political parties are based." Ah! what a delightful phrase, and how much it is to be wished that Mr. Leake would give us more of this *mitis sapientia* on politics and other matters. Was it—we only ask for information—was it the case that when Jeanie Deans refused to swear to a lie to save her sister, she proved herself "superior to the instincts of association on which" the family is based? Would it be a fitting epitaph for the lamented Sapphira, "She fell the victim of her absence of superiority to the instincts of association on which the associations" of matrimony are based? For Mr. Albert Grey, be it observed, saw the truth and his duty—"a derved clear thing," in the rude language of Colonel John Hay—before him, and went for it there and then. He said to himself, "I have come forward as an opponent of Home Rule, and I am not going to vote for Home Rule, whether in disguise or out of it." And thereby he showed himself, alas! superior to the instincts of association on which, &c. Mr. Leake, becoming "luxuriant, admits that such men (the men who are superior, &c., or who, in more prosaic language, decline to vote that black is white to suit their friends) "have their uses." They are "as the rock or the lighthouse" (for the gods have made Mr. Leake poetical) "amid the waves and currents on whose disturbed surface ordinary men steer hither and thither seeking their desired haven." We own that we are not extremely clear what Mr. Leake means by this; but what is clear is that nobody can object to be compared to a lighthouse. Mr. Leake, however, does not mean it as a compliment. "Such limitations of power or utility as these isolated politicians accept ought not to satisfy young, able, and generous minds." A young, able, and generous mind

content merely to be a lighthouse, to tell truth and shame the Devil! Perish the thought! Mr. Leake does not exactly follow up his Trinity House metaphor; but perhaps he means that it is much better to be a gallant wrecker careering about with lights in all sorts of positions than a demd isolated, limited, monotonous lighthouse. At any rate, he "hopes Mr. Albert Grey will forgive him if he suggests that affirmation not negation, sympathy not aversion, enters into the composition of the successful politician, the leader of men." That was what poor Mr. Lawrence Mack and the other heroes of an unforgotten case thought. They affirmed like anything, and in a general way anything; but the path in that instance led not to the leadership of men, but to the crank, or something like it. "Why did not Mr. Grey wait?" continues Mr. Leake indignantly, and with much more imagery, which we have not time to follow out, about crows and cocks and dunghills—imagery which is even more confused than that of the lighthouse.

However, the confusion of Mr. Leake's images does not matter. It is the gist of his advice as an old hand—an aged cock or crow—to Mr. Albert Grey as a naughty young cockerel, which is the really agreeable thing. And this is very agreeable indeed. "No one would regret more than I should," says our Nestor quite pathetically, "if by too complex calculations our younger and more promising politicians should impair their chances of future usefulness and honour." Too complex calculations! *Mais, il est impayable, ce M. Leake!* "The instincts of association on which political parties are founded" was good; "affirmation not negation" ("Back him, you fool!") it was put more pointedly some time ago was better; but "too complex calculations" is best. "Don't, my good young man," says the sage from the Lancashire Pylos, "don't you enter into complex calculations. Keep your eye on your leader, and your leader will pull you through. Consider the great principle of association. Always be affirmative—that is to say, always say Yes! when your party and the Whips expect you to say Yes. Don't bother yourself about the Union; don't bother yourself about what you said when you were canvassing; don't bother yourself about what you think. Don't think anything. Sympathize with your good leader, associate with your good party, vote straight, and pitch complex calculations—or, in other words, your conscience.—to Davy Jones. Which doing, you shall, with good luck, become a successful politician and a leader of men, yes, even of men such as he who witnesseth this, Robert Leake, member for the Radcliffe Division of South-East Lancashire." And wake with Dives in the torment," said Amyas Leigh, in reply to a similar admonition (ironical, however) from one Captain Raleigh, at Smerwick, in Ireland, some hundreds of years ago, according to the veracious chronicle of one Charles Kingsley. But Mr. Leake is quite incapable of irony, and Amyas Leigh was a mere ruffian, who had no ideas beyond doing his duty, telling the truth, fighting for England, and hanging the Irish Nationalists of his day whenever he could catch them.

#### LAND-SELLING IN FLORIDA.

PREVIOUS to the year 1831 Florida, now esteemed the "crack" State of the North American continent, was in a very bad way. She owed more than a million of dollars, and as she could not pay even the seventy thousand dollars of interest which became due every year, this sum at compound interest represented the annual increase of her debt. No wonder creditors grew tired of "interest bearing interest," and thought of invoking the United States Court to force a sale of land on their behalf. But the consequences of such a peremptory sale may be imagined. Florida would have gone lower and lower in popular opinion, and financiers and emigrants alike would have given her the cold shoulder as an incorrigible ne'er-do-well. Happily, in the nick of time, Mr. Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, came forward and saved Florida. This gentleman bid a million dollars for four million of her acres, and the offer was at once joyfully accepted by the Governors of the State. Twelvepence-halfpenny an acre for ground some of which is now proved able to yield 100*l.* of income per acre is not much, but in those days the idea of Florida being able to do aught but contract debt was generally scouted. Hence the surprise with which this State's successful career of late has been viewed by not a few people.

Mr. Disston, by this huge purchase, became the first considerable landowner in Florida. But in a very short time other capitalists travelled south in quest of the "good thing" rumour of which had reached them. Some bought from their magnificent predecessor little blocks of ten or a hundred thousand acres. These were choice or particular sites. Others again bought from the State, like Mr. Disston himself, paying about the same price, and accepting good land and bad in the bargain. Then, by stress of advertisements and every other conceivable manner of persuasion, dwellers in the changeable North were lured into the sunny South. Towns, or the names of towns, offering all reasonable conveniences and social advantages, were begotten like mushrooms in a day. And, in the twinkling of an eye, land bought at twelvepence-halfpenny the acre rose in value to ten, fifty, and a hundred dollars. Under these circumstances the profession of land-jobbing was soon recognized as an exceedingly lucrative one. And, with the development of Florida and the influx of hundreds of English settlers and many thousands of pounds of English capital, the

number of those engaged in the profession has become quite remarkable.

These Florida land agents are, as may be supposed, of many different degrees of respectability. Take the representatives of the large Land Companies, for instance. They are influential and cultured gentlemen, who flit to and fro between New York and Florida at their ease in a saloon car. Their business premises are imposing blocks, and the names of the Companies are in letters a yard long, on the most prominent external wall of the building. Visit one of them, and if you are fortunate enough to see him, you may find him seated in a private room, with a litter of maps and plans about his desk and knees, dictating two or three letters to as many secretaries simultaneously. The furniture of the room is impressive in its tasteful simplicity. There is no more beautiful wood in the world than Florida pine, polished; as you may see by the panelling to the side of you. On the floor is a Turkey carpet, and its bright colours are as agreeable to the eye as the rich graining of the pinewood. A cabinet for papers stands by one wall, surmounted aesthetically by a single bowl of blue Oriental china. If there be anything else inanimate in this lofty room, it will be a brace of oranges, each as large as a baby's head. These are samples of the productions of the land which this gentleman has on his books for sale. A sugar-cane would give an untidy look to the place, else a stick some ten or twelve feet long would be shown as equal testimony in favour of the land's fertility.

And now, if you have the appearance and introduction of a *bona fide* speculator in land wholesale, the gentleman will dismiss his clerks, and invite you cordially to state your intentions or what you believe to be your intentions. The great maps of his Company, a mile to the inch, will be unrolled for you, and the different significance of the red, white, blue, green, and yellow squares thereof are explained to you. This is "rich cotton land" of incredible fertility: the bed of an old lagoon; admirable for anything. This, again, with uninterrupted scores of inches of length and breadth, is "high, rolling pine" ground, the most salubrious in the State, fanned day after day, winter and summer alike, by breezes from the Gulf of Mexico in the morning and the Atlantic after sundown. No mosquitoes—or none to speak of—in this high pine land. Lakes break the monotony of it in every direction, but they are an entrancing feature of the country, which they help to transform into an inland Venice. And these shaded squares, ominously edging themselves into the very heart of the best lands, are swamp. Not irreclaimable swamp, understand; but, since the truth must out between gentlemen, swamp unmistakably. Under the water the soil is of the best, but the water has to be got away before this excellent soil can be turned to account. Once drained, however, where in the world can a better fertilizer or hotbed be found than the bed of an old swamp or lagoon? And so on.

Half an hour's talk over the maps with this well-informed gentleman will lend a new grace to geography. You will know more about the features of the country than if you had studied handbooks and keyless charts for a month. You will also, by inference, have acquired some insight into the working of Land Companies. And you will not have less respect than at first for the intellect of the managers of such Companies when you ascertain that these gentlemen are the founders (and not irresponsible founders) of hundreds of little towns, of mellifluous names, in which thousands of families from far-away places, rich and poor, weak and strong, are fighting hopefully for more wealth, or a living in the present and a fortune in the future. It must be singularly satisfying to a man's self-consciousness when he advances the welfare of his fellow-creatures and by such labours puts much money in his own pocket at the same time. Benefactor *malgré lui*, you will say. And it may be so.

In importance only a little below the representatives of these Land Companies are the more noted land agents, pure and simple. These are the intermediaries between sellers and buyers; and for the most part they are attorneys, very sharp to detect a false title, and, by much practice, subtle valuers of land of all kinds, in an atmosphere where land changes value almost daily. If your credentials are good, in a consultation with one of these gentlemen you may learn as much about human nature as land. For the land agents are not so much given to learned generalizing about products and physical features as are the agents of the Land Companies. They touch clients on both sides, and each client is a man with a history. For example, having closed the door carefully, our land agent will give you the life-story, or a section of it, of the previous owner of such and such a desirable property. He will be brief, but dramatic as brief. And, while calmly burnishing his gold glasses with his dark-blue silk handkerchief, he will show you how you may profit by the defections or profligacies of the present impoverished or the lately deceased proprietor. A casual look at the land-agent's list is enough to make the mouth of a novice water with desire. Such incomprehensible bargains were surely never before offered to you. And you will be disposed to think either that arithmetic has a different significance in Florida as compared with England, or that your or the land agent's wits are woolgathering. Listen to the gentleman for one moment, and credit him with the commentary succeeding the specification of the property on sale:—

"Ten acres of land on Pottsburg Creek, 200 orange-trees, and 100,000 nursery stock. Price 400 dollars. What! Only 400 dollars! It must be a misprint, or else there's an almighty good thing for somebody. Why, sir, those hundred thousand trees are worth, every one of them, five cents apiece as babies.

There'll be no frost this winter, else, to be sure—but what's the use of talking? And next year you may reckon them at twenty-five cents; and the next, with attention, fifty. A hundred thousand times fifty cents. Figure that up, sir, and then say if you have any speculations in the old country to equal these for downright profits. I don't understand it, that's a fact. But it's a world in which some one must profit by somebody else, thank the Lord for it on your behalf as well as mine."

After this, needless to say, it will require some presence of mind to enable you to resist the inclination to buy as much as you can from the land agent before some one comes to interrupt you both. But time is short, and there are so many "almighty good things." Verily, the commonest of common sense is more profitable than sensibility in such emergencies as these.

Some of the attorney land agents combine intermediary business with speculative business on their own account. There was once such a one, whose name has gained a State celebrity, and who was known to have bought some fifty thousand acres from the Diastion Syndicate for his own manipulation and sub-sale. He was averse to recommending any properties that did not touch or come out of his own area. He was an elderly man, with grey hair and a shrivelled countenance; but he had a clear blue eye and a keen, firm voice. "Take a seat, mister," he said with engaging promptitude, and when he nodded to three or four other gentlemen of uncertain occupation who were sitting about on half-balanced chairs, these at once left the room. Then, with a pleasant smile, the land agent proceeded to unfold the inevitable chart and interpret its divisions and colours.

"This blue line is the river—Indian river—and these black lines running square at it with numbers between them mark ten-acre lots on the river-bank, at 40 dollars per acre, in twenty-acre blocks. It is all for sale on easy terms, where you don't see a red cross and a dot. That means sold, you know. Character of the country? Why, the best in the world. Full of deer, lots of bear and panther, and millions of wild turkey—try them roast, and you'll never quit Florida; and I stake my head it will grow oranges better than any other land in the universe, don't care where you go."

"And the meaning of this?" we asked, indicating a collection of little black triangular marks in one part of the map.

"That, sir, is my city—named after me, —ville."

The gentleman then deftly parried an inquiry about the population of the city, and plunged into an eloquent eulogy of its situation. He drew a pin from his waistcoat, and pointed out with this the Court House of the place, the two churches (Baptist and Episcopal), the depôts of the two railway lines which were destined within a year to quadruple the value of all land within the precincts; and the hotel, which in the ensuing winter was to accommodate between one and two hundred sick people from Boston and New York at three dollars a head per diem.

"Cost of a town lot, in my town?" he continued; "well, it depends, of course. Take this now," and the pin, after some hesitation, pricked a hole in the middle of a minute parallelogram of white, and stayed there. "It's between the Court House and the Baptist Church, and a hundred feet by eighty. It's the very site for a drug store, and I'll sell it for—two fifty. Fish in the river? Why, good mercy! it's full of them—and I guess the only thing to do is to catch 'em."

We left this gentleman, finally, a little dazed by the glare of the advantages of the hundred feet by eighty property, though without concluding a purchase. And it was well we were thus content to leave the matter in abeyance. For, not long afterwards, it became known to us that his city was a paper city. At the time of our interview it possessed no Court House, no Baptist or Episcopal Church; and there was little likelihood of even a single railway finding it out. It was substantial only inasmuch as a contract had been made with a certain master carpenter for the erection of a hotel in the forest. After the hotel the city. As for our tender little municipal lot of a hundred by eighty, it was so much untroubled pinewood, in the midst of equally untroubled pinewood.

But, if the managers of the Land Companies and the chief land agents are types of the most respectable dealers in land, there are also a multitude of men who have the effrontery to style themselves land agents who have neither lands to sell nor clients for whom to sell, or else take the title on the strength of a few acres of worthless swamp which, having been long bandied about between them, has finally come to serve a particular purpose. These men are to be shunned, of course. For the most part they are not pleasant to look upon: seedy, dirty as to their shirts and collars (if they possess these luxuries), and dirtier as to their hands; with a hesitation, or freedom of speech, either of which ought to satisfy a discerning spirit, and with office addresses which will not bear investigation. Such men, or their unofficial confederates, are wont to prowl up and down the chief streets of the cities, wideawake to distinguish the newcomer or the "duffer" from an established settler. "I say, do you want any land?" This, whispered insidiously into the ear of the stranger, is the first stage in the achievement of their iniquity; it serves to precipitate the wits of the designed victim. An experienced man will take no heed of the question; but a newcomer, though strong in his determination to die rather than fall a prey to a sharper, cannot for the life of him now and then help turning round and facing his interrogator. It may be he does want a bit of land; and, from sheer curiosity and a desire to see all the institutions a new country can show him, he agrees to amuse himself by listen-



ing to the barely mitigated rogue who speaks to him with a voice so much more recommendatory than his appearance. By temporizing he commits himself. With extraordinary celerity and skill he is transported from the street up a narrow flight of stairs into a chamber that may be an office or a bedroom, according to the direction of his survey. And when he turns round ready to plunge in *medias res*, he finds himself the fourth man or the fifth in a company of as evil-looking strangers as can be met with in a day's railway journey in Texas. The colloquy that ensues is a bitter surprise to him. And, at the best, he is compelled to ask himself what one man is capable of doing in a fray with four or five others, each with a hand of him hovering about the pocket on his right hip. On the whole, the stranger may be congratulated if he leaves the room as proprietor of ten acres of land, worth less than nothing, and with his watch still in his pocket.

There is no space for the particularization of the other dealers in land and their different ruses for its disposal. They buy bad lands and sell them for good, lying to the verge of their faculty. They buy lowlands that are swamp in summer, and sell them as dry lands in winter, when the water has temporarily gone out of them. They buy ir reclaimable swamps or take them as a gift from a despairing client, and sell them as "a bargain for a man of energy and inventive ability." In fact, wits are nowhere more hotly in competition than in this business of the transference to and fro of land in Florida. The number of fools who buy land is amazing; no wonder, therefore, if the number of rogues eager to sell it be appalling.

A word about orange-groves in conclusion. The market is full of them, and you may purchase a grove as readily as a hundred acres of land. So much time and patience are required for the clearing of virgin land and the growth of the precious tree from its puny pip, that men with capital will always buy their groves rather than begin their formation *ab initio*. And it is due to this taste for groves half or quarter, if not wholly, made that in the windows of many houses in Jacksonville and other Florida cities you may read in indifferent writing such announcements as this:—"A bearing grove for sale. Enquire within."

As often as not these notices advertise genuine opportunities. There is nothing to be said against the groves once the question of price be agreed upon. For the making of groves for sale is a regular and profitable business. A man strong of arm, if weak of wit, dominated by a fixed idea of brute labour, buys five acres of primeval land, clears it, and plants it with young trees, and three months from the outset sells it for twice its cost to a city man with a window. The purchaser then advertises it to the public, and, if business be brisk, may dispose of it in a week at a gain of a hundred per cent. This business, therefore, is as profitable as legitimate. The two buyers are both contented with their sale, and, as for the ultimate purchaser, he congratulates himself that he has got a grove ready made which in three or four years will realize for him an annual income quadruple its prime cost.

#### BOARD SCHOOLS AND CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

IN a debate on the Education Estimates in the House of Commons last July Mr. Mundella made some very startling assertions designed to prove the enormous, almost miraculous, moral effects produced by education, or what passes for such, since the Board schoolmaster has been abroad. He referred to a confidential correspondence between the late Home Secretary and the late Lord Chancellor (Sir William Harcourt and Lord Selborne) as containing "most remarkable facts"; and no doubt the facts as he quoted them are remarkable enough. "They showed," he went on to insist, "that the decline in the criminal population was exceedingly rapid, and it becomes more and more rapid every year. The total number of persons sentenced to penal servitude fell from 11,916 in 1869 to 9,500 in 1884. But the great reduction was in prisoners under 30 years of age. The number had fallen nearly one-half." And the unpublished paper in question attributed this marvellous result chiefly to the Education Act of 1870. Mr. Mundella was accordingly of opinion that "by patiently persevering in these lines we should by degrees get rid of the misery and depravity common to so much of our population." Sir John Lubbock three months earlier, addressing the managers of the London Board Schools at the Society of Arts, was hardly less sanguine in his forecast. He appealed to the last Report of the Prison Commissioners in proof of an enormous decrease of the criminal population:—"In 1878 it was 20,830; in 1880 it was 19,800; and in 1884 it was 17,200. Never before had it fallen for so long a consecutive period, and he thought they were justified in hoping that the diminution would continue, and that the spread of education might carry us much further than it had yet done." In short, Mr. Mundella and Sir John Lubbock seem to say, if we may venture so far to modify the wording of an old proverb, "Give to the Board Schools the training of our youth, and it matters not who makes our laws." There is another old proverb however which is inevitably recalled by this millennial presentation of statistics; that "nothing is so delusive as facts except figures." It has occurred therefore to Canon Gregory, a high authority on educational matters and himself formerly a member of the London School Board, to examine in the *National Review* the accuracy of these wonderful statistics, both as regards the alleged diminution of crime and its causes. For even supposing the facts and figures to be correctly stated, it remains to be

seen whether the inference is not based on the *post hoc, propter hoc* fallacy. That Board Schools began in 1870, and that there is a great diminution of crime in 1885—if so it be—may suggest that the one is due to the other, but clearly does not prove it, and Mr. Mundella assumes the connexion without offering one syllable of evidence for it. How far either facts or inferences are correct will appear presently.

But first a word may be said on the general bearings of the controversy. For various reasons, in part quite independent of the actual merits of the case, a very strong feeling has been raised both for and against Board Schools during the last fifteen years. That the effect, if not the intention, of introducing the system must be seriously to cripple, if not eventually to crush, the action of voluntary and especially of Church schools was obvious from the beginning, and experience has only too abundantly confirmed the fears entertained on the subject. At the same time the rapid doubling and trebling of the School-rate, which they were originally assured would never exceed 3d., but which has already almost reached 9d. in the pound in London, and in some towns has actually mounted to 2s., has not unnaturally sharpened the critical acumen of the ratepayers as to the necessity and uses of so vast an expenditure extracted from their pockets by an irresponsible Board. On the other hand, there has been a strong tendency in many quarters, which is illustrated by Mr. Mundella's enthusiastic anticipations, to look on School Boards as a panacea for many at least of the worst ills that flesh is heir to in modern England; Secularists have of course taken up the cry, and a large section of Dissenters—who care more for thwarting the influence of the Established Church than for any particular doctrines of their own—have less consistently re-echoed it. A belief in the high moral value of education, as apart from religion, has always indeed been characteristic of a certain class of minds. It fits in with Lord Shaftesbury's fundamental theory that virtue is a species of beauty, and its determining principle not conscience but taste. "Twas to be wished," he says, "we had the same regard to a right taste in life and manners as in other arts and sciences." And a very different man from Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Burke, went so far as to suggest that "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness"—a view which cannot be seriously accepted by the moralist, still less by the Christian. Nor can it be maintained that history supports the hypothesis of a necessary connexion between education and morality. Never probably was a loftier standard of intellectual culture and refinement attained by the great body of citizens in any State than at Athens in its palmiest days, with a literature which after 2,000 years is still the wonder and the envy of the world; yet one of the most accomplished Greek scholars of our own day has warned us that, if we could look at the inner life of that period, as it really was, we should turn away from the spectacle with loathing and disgust. Much the same, as Guizot points out, may be said of Rome in its most brilliant era of civilization. And in later days the pioneers and the rulers of the Reign of Terror were the children of the Encyclopedists; Napoleon has been termed by Hallam—not in irony—"a child of philosophy and enlightenment." It would appear then that even the highest intellectual culture by no means necessarily brings good morals—not always perhaps good manners—in its train. But we have here a still simpler problem to deal with. For Mr. Mundella himself will hardly contend that School Board education imparts that finished grace and refinement which, in the words of the old poet, softens and civilizes the manners. It would rather seem indeed, to judge from some examples to be noted presently, to realize the familiar parody on the poet's words in the Comic Latin Grammar:—

Ingenuus pugni didicisse fideliter artes  
Mollitos mores non sinit esse viros.

It may be replied however that the question is one of facts, not precedents. If then there is nothing in past history to justify Mr. Mundella's rose-coloured anticipations of "getting rid of the misery and depravity of our population," do the present results of Board School teaching, so far as they can be yet ascertained, point to the coming millennium? We have, as Canon Gregory reminds us, three quite distinct questions to examine; "first, the (alleged) fact of the great diminution of crime; next, that this is chiefly among the young; and, thirdly, that the improvement can be directly traced to the spread of (Board School) education." To prove Mr. Mundella's point all three must be answered in the affirmative.

First, then, as regards the alleged decrease of crime. In the three years 1870-1872 there were 141,312 crimes reported to the police, and 72,688 persons apprehended on suspicion, of whom about two-thirds were committed for trial. In the last three years for which statistics have been published, 1882-1884, there were 148,803 crimes reported, and 62,168 persons apprehended on suspicion, about two-thirds again being committed for trial. So far we see no very material difference, but there is the important fact to be noted that, whereas the crimes reported in the later period were 7,491 more than in the earlier, there were 10,520 fewer apprehensions and about 7,000 fewer committals for trial. In other words, there has been an increase of crime, but a diminution of apprehensions and convictions; and this points, not to any decrease of criminals—rather the reverse—but to an increased skill in avoiding detection. For as the preventive and detective force has grown during the intervening period much more rapidly than the population, this greater facility of escaping detection must be ascribed to the criminals and not to the police. Mr. Gregory thus sums up the

general result, which is just the opposite of what Mr. Mundella's language would lead us to expect:—

It is clear, from what has been said, that there has been no decrease in the number of crimes committed or of smaller offences during the past fourteen years, though there has been a remarkable diminution in the number of criminals captured by the police, and possibly a great addition to the stringency with which lesser offenders have been brought to justice. If we turn from the number of offenders to the character of the crimes committed, it is difficult to trace those pleasing signs of an improved moral population which Mr. Mundella's words would lead us to expect. The number of persons condemned to death in 1870 was 15; in 1884, 38; of those condemned to penal servitude for life in 1870, 6; in 1884, 13; to a like punishment for a period of more than 15 years, in 1870, 9; in 1884, 15; for 15 years and above 10 years, in 1870, 42; in 1884, 40; for 10 years and under, in 1870, 1,731; in 1884, 1,281. If we turn to the verdicts given at coroners' inquests, we find a somewhat better outlook; for in 1870 there were 222 verdicts of murder and 212 of manslaughter, whilst in 1884 the numbers had fallen to 192 and 154. But, unhappily, there is another offence which marks the growth of unbelief more than any other, which shows a terrible increase. I refer to suicide. It must be remembered that the verdict of suicide, or self-murder, is never given when it is possible to attribute the death to any other cause, such as temporary insanity, found dead, death from exposure, &c., but after all these deductions have been made we find, that in 1870, 1,517 persons were found to have deliberately put an end to their own existence, and in 1884, 2,019. By a comparison of the crimes committed at the two periods under the six heads under which they are classified in the criminal returns, it is painful to find that crimes of violence, marking barbarity and unrestrained passion, have greatly increased; whilst only acts of dishonesty, such as can be most easily hindered by an efficient police, have diminished.

And this truer but sadder estimate is confirmed by an ominous observation of Mr. Justice Manisty at the Assizes at Swansea only last November, when he said that "he could not adequately express his horror at the fearful prevalence of crime in South Wales. The calendar was one series of infamies, and things were getting worse and worse instead of better." Nor do the most recent prison returns at all bear out Sir John Lubbock's idea of "a remarkable decrease in our prison population." In 1870 the number of persons committed to the different county, borough, and liberty prisons was 157,223, and in 1884 it had risen to 176,467. And it must be remembered, too, that a large number of juvenile offenders, who were formerly sent to prison, are now sent to reformatory or industrial schools instead.

And now let us pass on to Mr. Mundella's second point. He declared that the decrease had occurred chiefly among the younger prisoners; "The great reduction was in prisoners under thirty years of age"—i.e. among those trained in Board Schools—"the number has fallen one-half." The "very remarkable paper" quoted by Mr. Mundella is still unpublished, but the criminal returns issued by Government are open to inspection, and at first sight they do to some extent appear to bear out this part of his statement, whereas the former part of it they flatly contradict. In 1870 there were committed 92,204 persons under thirty, in 1884 only 86,736; and there were in the former year 9,998 under sixteen, in the latter year 4,879. But against this we have to set the great increase during that interval of industrial schools, which Canon Gregory admits to be a beneficial effect of the Education Act of 1870. At the end of that year there were 5,146 children in industrial schools, at the end of 1884 there were considerably over double that number—12,188. Here again the statistics, when fairly compared, point to an increase not a diminution of crime:—

An exact comparison of the two years stands thus: in 1870 there were 51,972 crimes reported to the police, for which 26,613 persons were apprehended, and 12,953 found guilty of committing them; if we add to this last number 5,146 children detained in industrial schools at the end of the year (there were 11,976 detained in them during the year), and 4,356 children in reformatory schools, we have a total of 22,455. In 1884 there were 47,089 crimes reported to the police, for which 20,366 persons were apprehended, and 11,134 found guilty of committing them; if we add to these, 12,188 children detained in industrial schools at the end of the year (there were 22,355 detained in them during the year), and 4,443 children in reformatory schools, we have a total of 27,765 persons found guilty of committing crimes, or detained in reformatory or industrial schools to prevent their committing them, because it was known that if left at large, they were tolerably certain to do so.

And thus must further be taken into account the strongly expressed objection of the late Home Secretary, Sir W. Harcourt, to sending young children to prison, which naturally influenced the magistrates, whose sentences indeed he sometimes reversed. As to there being any real diminution of juvenile offenders, take the following remark of Mr. Chance, magistrate in the Lambeth Police Court in January 1883:—"It was truly painful to find such an increase in juvenile crime. Out of nine charges on the list four were juvenile cases." Or take again the comments made at the last Assizes by Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Wills on the enormous increase of indecent cases—principally of assaults on little girls—due no doubt immediately, as the former pointed out, to "some most objectionable publications in a London paper," but at least indicating no diminution of "the common depravity" of the juvenile population, a large number of the offenders being "foul-minded boys and youths," who had probably most of them been trained in Board Schools. If this be thought a hard saying, let the following emphatic testimony be noted of a Correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* in September last:—

There is one point upon which, as I am sorry to say, I can only too fully confirm his statement, and that is as to the flow of filthy and obscene language which has come upon the streets since the establishment of Board Schools in London. I am an old journalist in both senses of the word, and I lived for many years in an Inn of Court, from which I could, being then a young and active man, best reach Parliament Street or Pall Mall, by passing through the worst courts that lie between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent

Garden. I was out at all times of the night, and I usually went home through what were then called the worst streets of Clare Market. Well, I venture to say that in none of those years did I hear anything so appalling and disgusting as the language I now hear in quiet and respectable streets every evening from boys and girls of apparent respectability. This scandal of obscene language in the streets from school children is becoming, I can assure you, in the suburbs of London, a very serious thing. It may be asked, however, what has the London School Board to do with the matter? I will not answer this inquiry by reference to the pain and trouble of those decent women who find that their children are driven into Board Schools, learn there the filthiest words, and worse; but I will ask any one of your readers who lives near a Board School in a rough district, to station himself at the doors at the time the boys and girls are dismissed at mid-day. He will hear language never uttered in the worst rows of the vilest wretches of bygone days.

If any further illustration is wanted of the value of Mr. Mundella's assertion that education has rapidly diminished crime, we may cite the evidence of Mr. Higgins, Q.C., at the Salford Quarter Sessions last November. "He had never before seen a calendar in which there were so many persons said to have education to the extent of 'good.'" He added that out of the 65 present prisoners, 58 had received some education, and 23 could read and write perfectly; only seven could neither read nor write. Of children sent to reformatory schools in 1870 there were 51·3 per cent. of the boys and 46·1 per cent. of the girls who could neither read nor write; in 1884 the illiterates among those admitted had sunk to 22·3 per cent. of the boys and 36·2 per cent. of the girls. Of the advance of "the three R's" during that period there can therefore be no question, and as little unfortunately that there has been, to say the least, no advance in general or in juvenile morality. That other and far more efficient instruments of moral improvement than Board Schools have been actually at work during that time, as Mr. Gregory points out, is true enough, such as the revived energy of the Church in various departments of evangelizing and philanthropic labour, and the growing interest manifested by statesmen and philanthropists of various classes in improving the dwellings and general condition of the poor, while much good has unquestionably been done by industrial and reformatory schools. If with all these powerful agencies at work there is shown to be rather an increase than a diminution of crime, and notably of juvenile crime, the utmost that can with any sort of plausibility be argued in this respect for Board Schools is that they cannot be proved to have retarded moral reform.

#### THE GREAT AUK.

WITHIN a glass-fronted case in the first recess to the right of the visitor as he enters the Bird Gallery of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is a well-preserved specimen of a Northern water-bird, which in days long past was a not unfrequent visitor to our own shores, and until comparatively recent times bred in vast numbers upon the rocky islets in semi-Arctic seas, but of which it may safely be affirmed no living individual will ever again be found; it is the *Alca impennis*, the Garefowl, or Great Auk. In its general appearance, to a non-scientific observer, the bird bears a close resemblance to the penguins, a class of birds restricted in their range to the Southern hemisphere—in fact the name of penguin was for three centuries commonly applied to the Garefowl, creating confusion among ornithologists, few of whom thirty or forty years ago really knew the points of difference between the species; the variation in bill and wings affords, however, sufficient distinction. The Garefowl is about the size of a goose, weighing from 9 to 11 lbs., with black head and back, curved and flattened bill, white throat and belly, powerful legs and feet, but with imperfect and aborted wings; it is a large and handsome bird, though dwarfed by the presence of the fine specimens of penguin preserved in the same case, among whom towers "the Emperor," sitting in an upright attitude, nearly four feet in height; but the Great Auk is a bird with a history, and shares the unenviable distinction conferred by advancing civilization upon, among others, the solitary pigeon of Rodriguez, the huge wingless birds of New Zealand, and the Dodo of the Mauritius, it has in a living form now ceased to exist.

The latest ornithologists recognize twelve species of Auk, including among them the Razor-bill, the Guillemots, and the Divers. Mr. Howard Saunders, in the fourth edition of Yarell, allies these birds with the Grebes, but their real affinity is regarded as somewhat questionable. The habits of the species are mostly gregarious. They swim and dive with great ease; but on land shuffle clumsily along, and when perching usually sit on the tarsi as well as on the feet. Their eggs, which rarely exceed one, and are large in proportion to the bird, vary considerably in form and colour. They make no nest, but deposit their egg in the crevices or on the ledges of the rocks. The name by which the species is now known—the genus *Alca*—is modern; the Great Auk, *Alca impennis*, had an earlier designation; it was the *Garefowl*, a term which takes us back to the days of the Vikings, to Ingolf (A.D. 874) and his followers, who from Norway colonized Iceland, and from whom we have the Icelandic name *Geir* or *Geirfugl*—*Geir* in old Icelandic, as *Gar* in Anglo-Saxon and *Gai* in Celtic, meaning a spear-head, the upper mandible of the *Geirfugl* being of similar form. The resemblance, indeed, is so close that, by a curious oversight, a specimen of the upper mandible, or premaxillary, was figured among the relics obtained from Keiss as "a curved spear-head"; and the error was repeated in the Transactions of the Scottish



Antiquarian Society for 1867. Of course the derivation of *Gare* from *Geir* &c. has been questioned, but it has the support of Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, and with his support we are reckless of philologists. The misnomer "penguin" was the invention of the Welsh, always enamoured of nonconformity. In Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1583) we are told how Madock ap Owen Gwyneth "gave to certain islandes, bestes, and foules, sundrie Welsh names, as the Islande of Pengwin, which yet to this day beareth the same," and his nomenclature seems to have been generally accepted, since we find one Silvester Wyet in 1594 referring to the "Islande called Pengwin, because of the multitude of birdes of the same name." Among the Greenlanders the Auk bore the euphonious cognomen of *Eaerokitsok*, or Little-wing; the Norwegian *Anglemayer*, hook-maker, has somewhat doubtfully been assigned to the Auk; other terms, *Brillefugl*, *Fiert*, have been fitfully applied, but the term *Garefowl*, with its Scandinavian ring, is far more acceptable, though for convenience we may accept the perhaps more distinctive term, the Great Auk.

From the very first the history of this unlucky bird has been one of continual, often purposeless, always wasteful, slaughter. It is a history not of the survival of the fittest, but of the elimination of the unfit; its small wings, measuring only some four inches from the tip of the longest quill-feather to the first joint, insufficient even to raise the body from the ground, are clearly, as Mr. Seebohm expresses it, "the result of degradation by disuse"; and though the bird was sufficiently powerful to defend itself against its natural enemies, and with unrivalled powers of diving could evade almost every ordinary means of capture so long as it kept to the open sea, from the moment it came upon land, as in the breeding season, it became the ready prey of the fishermen or sailors who discovered its haunts. Unlike its allies, the Kittiwake or the Guillemot, or other ocean birds which frequented the same localities, and which nest on the higher ledges of rock or inaccessible cliff, the Auk was compelled to lay its egg on the ground but little above high-water mark, its only protection the rough waves which even in ordinary weather might render landing impossible or dangerous, a sadly insufficient defence against the hardy mariners who in increasing numbers frequented the Northern seas. The ultimate extermination of these birds became thus a mere question of time; readily captured, singularly unconscious of danger, and additionally unfortunate in that they were good to eat, and that their fat, their feathers, and even, as Mr. Symington Grieve in his recent monograph upon the Great Auk informs us, their very stomachs were utilized by their captors, it could not be long before they were hunted from their remotest breeding-grounds and their last survivors were destroyed. On the North American coasts these birds once existed in such numbers, and were so valuable as an article of food, that the ships which frequented the fishing-banks were principally provisioned with them; and they were so easily captured that we are told how planks or sails were placed from the ship to the shore, and the birds were driven on board like sheep to their destruction. A visit to Penguin Island, in Hakluyt, is so graphically described that we may quote from it. It occurs in "the Voyage of Mr. Hope and divers others" to Newfoundland and Cape Breton "in the yeere 1536." "From the time of their setting out from Grauesend they were very long at sea, to witte, about two moneths, and neuer touched any land untill they came to part of the West Indies about Cape Briton, shaping their course then northeastwards untill they came to the Island of Pengwines, which is very full of rockes and stones, whereon they went and found it full of great foules, white and grey and big as geese, and they saw infinite number of their egges. They draue a great number of the foules into their boates upon their sayles, and took manie of their egges, the foules they flead, and their skinned were very like hony combs full of holes; being flead off, they dressed and ate them, and found them to be very good and nourishing meate." Forty years later, 1578, is the record of "an island named Pengwin," where are "birds called Pengwines, which cannot fle; there is more meate in one of these than in a goose; the Frenchmen that fish neere the grand baie, doe bring small store of flesh with them, but victuall themselves alwaies with these birdes." Elsewhere we read how the crew of a fishing vessel salted down no less than five tons' weight of *Garefowl* in one expedition, besides what they killed for immediate consumption. To such systematic butchery was too frequently added a spirit of wanton destruction; thus, to quote but a single instance, it is said of the crew of a privateer who landed on one of the breeding-places, that "they remained a whole day killing many birds, and treading down their eggs and young." And, as if the persistent and well-directed energies of man to eradicate a useful and harmless bird were insufficient, unkindly Nature entered into the murderous combination. The last breeding-places of the *Garefowl* were the rocky islets known as the Fuglasker, off Cape Reykjanes, to the south-west of Iceland. Exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, it is only under favourable conditions of wind and tide that these skerries can be approached at all; but the whole area is volcanic, and during an eruption to the south of Cape Reykjanes in 1830 the island of Geirfuglasker (*Garefowl skerry*) was totally submerged. A small colony of the birds made their appearance during the following breeding season at Eldey, the most northerly islet of the group, where is but a single shelf of rock as landing-place; subject to incessant persecution, their numbers gradually diminished until the final scene was enacted as described in the *Ibsen*, vol. iii. p. 391. Perhaps to the scientific naturalist or the eager collector the capture and death of a pair of curious and

inoffensive birds, the last survivors of their race, is an occasion to be commemorated with a pean of satisfaction. It is unnecessary to quote the passage; it is sufficient to know that the history of the living bird then came to an end.

From the collector's point of view this final scene was inevitable. There is a charm in rarity which only the enthusiast can appreciate. We need not assume that the quest of the Sangreal was entirely undertaken in the spirit of piety; doubtless many of the knights who so devoted themselves were actuated by the like impulse which creates competition in the sale-room when the object of desire is perchance a Biberon of Henri Deux, a recently captured "Large Copper," an Aldine first edition, or an Arnoldus Tholinx, rarest among Rembrandts. The skin of the *Garefowl* has become infinitely desirable, though it may not be of higher intrinsic value than that of the domestic goose. An Auk's egg brings honour to its possessor, not for its size and beauty, for it can be copied with perfect accuracy, nor for its possible "internal" capabilities, since, as an unimaginative Scotch minister gravely observed after a sale at Dowell's, renowned among ornithologists, "The eggs are of no use, they will never hatch." It is their rarity that creates their worth; both skins and eggs are now so few. The price of an authentic skin has been gradually rising. It is said that Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, secured both skin and egg for something under 3*l*.; but this was forty years ago. For the fine specimen in the Central Park Museum in New York the donor gave 625 dollars, say 130*l*. Probably if one appeared at Christie's, the biddings would now reach two or three hundred pounds. Of course high prices have led to fraudulent imitations, and buyers should be on their guard, or they may find that their "authentic" specimen is a *supercherie*. There is one, for instance, at Darmstadt described as "a splendid *Alca impennis*, with the secondary wings well fringed with white, as in one of the specimens in the British Museum"; the only genuine part of this "splendid" bird is the head, the rest is cleverly composed from the Great Northern Diver and other commoner waterfowl; but as the ownership and locality of every existing skin has been carefully tabulated, and not more than sixty-eight or seventy are known, a buyer who is taken in has only himself to blame. The selling value of the eggs is not so high; seventy-seven specimens have been catalogued; twenty-one of these are in England, almost evenly divided between museums and private cabinets. The happiest "find" yet recorded was at the College of Surgeons in 1865, when ten eggs were discovered in a neglected box labelled penguins' eggs; four of these brought, in Stevens's sale-room, an average of more than 30*l*. apiece. It is possible others may yet elsewhere remain concealed, but it is not very probable; a knowledge of value has a wonderful effect in the discovery of forgotten treasures, and eggs of which specimens were by a happy accident secured for less than a pound apiece, as was the case at a sale in Edinburgh less than six years ago, and which since have been transferred for one hundred guineas each, are not likely to be overlooked. Each year the collector's chances become fewer, he must compete with ever-growing museums for the possession of what is curious and rare, and remains of the Great Auk, whether skins or eggs, are rare, for the whole area where once the bird was known has been diligently surveyed. The fishermen of all nationalities who visit the Northern seas are keenly observant; the investigations of the various Polar expeditions have been carefully made and recorded, but the Great Auk is now never met with in its living state, neither can its occurrence at any future time be expected. It must be reckoned among the creatures once existing in thousands, but now absolutely extinct.

#### ENEMIES AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

MR. COGHAN'S novel, *La Grande Marnière*, has given to Mr. Coghlan the notion of a play, with the plot of which our readers are by this time fully acquainted. On former occasions Mr. Coghlan has proved himself more accomplished in the writing of stage dialogue than in stage construction; and it is with the construction of his latest piece that it is easiest to find fault. The curious relations between father and son have no doubt to be explained, but might be explained more deftly than they are in the "carpenter's scene" which opens the play. Again, the sudden introduction of furious melodrama, after scenes of well-written comedy, in the strangling of the innocent girl by the vicious deaf mute, strikes a false note. But, apart from this—apart, that is, from the superfluity in a certain sense of the first and second act of his play—Mr. Coghlan has written a strong piece, which demands and finds strong interpretation. Mrs. Langtry is admirably suited to the part of Miss Glen. The character demands the delicate touch which Mrs. Langtry has always shown, combined with the force which she displayed in *Peril*. Both demands are fully satisfied, as witness the scene in which, stung almost to madness by old Darvell's brutality, and finding any gentler methods hopeless, she strikes him, and so stays his venomous tongue. This, like the scene with young Darvell in his father's house, was a more or less unexpected revelation of power on the part of an actress who was naturally secure in the lighter moments of the play—and there secure because to the advantages of an inborn talent she had added the very necessary elements of thought and work, which the modern system of play-production drives too much out of sight. Yet finer art is shown, perhaps, in Mrs. Langtry's treatment of Miss Glen's part in the closing scene—a scene which calls

for the nicest mingling of force and delicacy. By her performance in this rather oddly-written play Mrs. Langtry has confirmed, if, indeed, confirmation were needed, her claim to rank among the most considerable actresses of the day. For the rest, Mr. Coghlan has written for himself a part which fits him like a glove, and acts, as always, like a true artist; Mr. Kemble appears, too briefly, in a character-part which he should carefully avoid over-playing; Miss Robertha Erskine gives the needed dignity to an aunt who is an aunt in the sense of bygone English novels; Mr. Pateman plays the deaf-mute who is the cause of much trouble with the vigour and knowledge of a practised actor; and Mr. Fernandez is as good as one can desire an actor to be in the difficult part of old Darvell. The fault of the play lies, as has been said, in the first and second acts, in which, apart from other matters, the heroine has but a brief and vague appearance. One must, however, be thankful for the concluding acts, in which Mr. Coghlan displays decided talent as a dramatist, in which Mrs. Langtry makes, not for the first time, her mark as a strong and accomplished actress, and in which the author of the play shows himself, also not for the first time, an accomplished actor.

#### THE SILVER QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE silver question in the United States has aroused sectional jealousies; and, as it involves issues of great moment, it may be worth while to explain at some length why it has set the South and West against the East. The Eastern States are comparatively old; in them there is a large accumulation of wealth, and, therefore, they have more capital than they need for carrying on their own business. On the other hand, the South and West are almost purely agricultural, and have less accumulated capital than they need. The Eastern States, therefore, have lent largely to the South and West. Now a moment's consideration will show that, if silver were demonetized in the United States, the creditor States would gain at the expense of the debtor States. Everywhere all over the world the purchasing power of gold has been rising for years past. Even in the United States it has so risen; but there the rise is masked by the state of the currency. There are, in fact, three distinct kinds of money—gold, silver, and Treasury notes; we treat the gold and silver certificates as merely representing the metals whose names they bear. By the Bland Act the Secretary of the Treasury is bound to coin every month at least two millions of dollars. Thus, under that Act, the circulation of the United States is annually increased by twenty-four million dollars, or nearly five millions sterling. If a stop were to be put to the coining of silver, the currency of the United States would be so much diminished, and the purchasing power of gold would in proportion be increased. The money-lenders of the Eastern States in consequence would receive back both in principal and in interest what would really be a larger sum than they had lent, because the borrowers would have to give a larger quantity of the commodities produced by them for the gold in which they would pay their debts. Thus the question at issue before Congress at present is really a question between creditors and debtors, the creditors being represented by the Eastern States and the debtors by the Southern and Western States. Of course very little of this is heard in debate. Those who are in favour of a single gold standard usually dwell upon the assertion that all civilized countries have now come to regard gold as the only true standard of value, that the country which has not got the single gold standard is at a disadvantage in trading with other countries, and that to coin a piece of silver and pass it for 100 cents when in the market it is really worth only from 70 to 80 cents is dishonest and unworthy of a great nation. On the other hand, the silver party reply that the depreciation of silver is the work of Germany, the Latin Union, and the United States. The first by demonetizing silver, the second by stopping the further coining of the metal, and the third by limiting the annual coining have all contributed to lower its value. What we see, therefore, they contend, is not the necessary result of natural causes, but the artificial result of Government action. Further, they argue that if all nations demonetize silver and adopt the single gold standard, there will not be gold enough in the world to satisfy its demands, and the consequence will be much suffering and distress. It will be observed, however, that these arguments on both sides are to a large extent theoretic, and are little adapted to appeal to the passions of ordinary men. Yet, as a matter of fact, the silver question in the United States has become a question of real and actual feeling between the East and the South and West.

Another cause hardly less potent why the South and West are strongly in favour of the continued coining of silver is that they fear, if they were to repeal the Bland Act, they would practically close against themselves the wheat and cotton markets of Europe. The fall in silver, as our readers are aware, has enabled India to become all at once the second largest source of supply of wheat to this country. In the past year we bought from India more wheat than from Russia, and about half as much as we bought from the United States. This, of course, could not have been had not the Suez Canal been opened, and had not also railways been pushed up into the wheat-growing districts of India; but even the Suez Canal and the Indian railways would not have permitted of the growth of a great Indian export trade in wheat were it not for the fall in silver. The competition of India has had most

disastrous effects all over Europe and in America. It is said that our own farmers in many cases find it impossible to send their wheat to market, and in preference are using it, therefore, for the feeding of animals. In New York the price of wheat is actually higher than it is in Liverpool, and there are reports that Liverpool merchants intend to export wheat to New York, while from Russia heartrending accounts reach us of widespread distress and impending famine. Those who are well acquainted with India assert that she is able to sell wheat in England at even lower prices than now prevail, and it is to be recollected that, for full a century and a quarter, wheat has not been so low as it is at present. If the Bland Act is repealed it is almost certain that the value of silver will fall further. In that case the ability of India to export wheat to Europe would be increased, and consequently the ability of the United States and Russia to compete with her would be lessened. It is no doubt true that there has been for months past a wild speculation in wheat in Chicago, that the speculation has kept up the price artificially, and that probably American farmers could afford to sell at much lower prices. Even if this be true, however, it is still unquestionable that the profit on the transaction would be very small, and that the competition with India could be kept up only by such reductions of rates on the railways and such a diminution of profits on the part of the farmers as would inevitably end in a great contraction of the area at present under wheat. In resisting the demand for the repeal of the Bland Act, therefore, the farmers of the West and North-West are endeavouring to equalize the conditions under which they compete with their Indian rivals in the wheat markets of Western Europe. And the planters of the South, though less apprehensive than the wheat-growers, yet share some of their fears in regard to cotton. The same conditions which enable the Indian wheat-growers to undersell the wheat-growers of the United States and Russia help the Indian growers of cotton also to undersell the American planters. The quality of Indian cotton, it is true, does not permit of the same severe competition as is carried on in the wheat trade; but the quality of Indian cotton could easily be improved, and at any rate, with the evidence before their eyes of what is going on in the wheat trade, it is natural that the planters should be alarmed for their own superiority in the cotton trade. And their alarm is the more intelligible because there are other causes tending to lower the price of cotton. For years past sheep-farming has been extending in our colonies and in South America. The price of wool has in proportion been falling, and it is now so low that it is said to be no longer worth the while of manufacturers generally to mix cotton with wool. Pure woollen fabrics, therefore, are more largely offered for sale now than they were before, and mixed fabrics of wool and cotton are becoming scarcer. In other words, the demand for cotton for mixture with wool is rapidly falling off, and, therefore, the price is tending downwards. A little additional competition, then, would tell very severely upon the American planters; and it is not surprising, therefore, if they are eager to prevent the adoption of a measure by Congress which by lowering considerably the price of silver would help largely the Indian growers to compete with themselves.

Under these circumstances the conviction is growing that Congress will not repeal the Bland Act, will not even materially modify its provisions. The South and West have a majority, and, being once thoroughly alarmed as to their two greatest trades, are hardly likely to be induced to consent to anything that would lessen the demand for silver. Indeed, some of the silver party have departed from the defensive and have assumed the offensive; proposing that not only should the Bland Act not be repealed, but that silver should be more largely coined, and should be employed to pay off the public debt. There is nothing in the Acts of Congress creating that debt pledging the United States to repay in gold. American public men feel, indeed, that to offer silver would be a practical breach of faith, and it is hardly probable, therefore, that any measure of the kind will be adopted, even though the House of Representatives has voted in favour of it. It may be assumed President Cleveland would veto any Bill proposing to pay off the debt in silver. The measure can be carried only, therefore, if there is a majority large enough to pass it over the President's veto. But it is odd that the silver advocates have not, as yet, urged the cancellation of greenbacks and the substitution for them of silver. The greenbacks, as they are called, are Treasury notes issued in part payment of the expenses of the Civil War. When specie payments were resumed Secretary Sherman undertook to maintain a large reserve in gold, so as to ensure the ready exchange of greenbacks for gold; but there is no Act of Congress making the maintenance of this reserve obligatory or pledging the nation to redeem greenbacks in gold. It is obvious that, if the greenbacks were paid off, room would be made for a large silver currency, and it is odd that the silver party have not perceived this and have not urged the withdrawal of greenbacks and the issue of more silver. No doubt they are unwilling to withdraw greenbacks for the same reason that they are unwilling to assent to the repeal of the Bland Act. They wish for no contraction of the existing currency, and probably they fear that, if the cancellation of greenbacks was agreed upon, there would in some way be a contraction of the currency brought about; but, if they are strong enough to maintain the coining of silver, they ought to be strong enough to ensure the gradual withdrawal of greenbacks and their replacement by an equivalent amount either of silver coin or of silver certificates. The measure would have much to recommend it, inasmuch as every note then issued would really represent an equivalent piece of coin, while it would relieve



the United States Treasury of its present embarrassments and make room for a very large silver currency. Another strong argument in support of the measure is that Congress issued greenbacks only as a war measure, and under the Constitution does not appear to have the power in peace times to give the legal tender character to mere paper promises to pay. But Congress unquestionably has the power to coin silver equally with gold.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

FOR the numerous viewers of pictures who do not cross the Channel an excellent opportunity is provided at the Goupil Galleries, 116 New Bond Street, where Messrs. Bussod, Valadon, & Co. have brought together a number of interesting works by French and Belgian artists, some of which were prominent in last year's Salon. M. Benjamin Constant's "La Justice du Chérif" is a type of a class of work peculiarly characteristic of the Paris show. Its immense size and somewhat fantastic composition render it a difficult picture to view with the necessary concentration of the faculties, though it is an advantage that it may now be seen free from the competition of such works as M. Rochegrosse's "La Jacquerie," M. Clairin's "Après la Victoire," or M. Prouvé's "Sardanapale." In this grandiose painting M. Constant suggests rather than continues the traditions of the school of Gérôme and Regnault; for, despite its imposing proportions, the tragic incident is not so presented as to create an immediate and lasting impression. The *motif* of the picture is indeed scarcely intelligible at sight, or is so vaguely realized that curiosity, not horror, moves the spectator. It might represent an opium debauch quite as much as an episode of murder and the struggles of sudden death; even when its import is thoroughly apprehended there is something of artifice in the small isolated pool of blood that trickles into the fountain. This little hint of violence is altogether ineffective. The subject is worked out with more adroitness than imagination; the eye wanders from the dramatic conception that fails to absorb the interest, and is attracted by the astonishing proof of the painter's learning and accomplishment—the skilful disposition of the lights and shadows, the clever haphazard arrangement of the slaughtered women, the freedom and strength that characterize the treatment of the sumptuous draperies. There is little of the Orient of Regnault's imagination, though the scene professedly depicts an episode of vengeance in the *vie intime* of those historical Moors whom Regnault desired to make live once more by his art, "Les vrais Maures, riches et grands, terribles et voluptueux." The bowstrings and blood, the huddled bodies, the gloomy executioners are but theatric circumstances in a vain show; it is not the painter's conception, but the display of his craft, the supple and deft handiwork, that provoke admiration. The most notable of five new works by M. Bouguereau are "The First Dart," a Venus instructing Cupid; and "An Echo from the Deep," a nymph holding a sea-shell to her ear. The former is distinguished by its exceeding beauty of design, and both works possess the grace, the delicacy, the refinement that never degenerate into *préciosité*, which we look for in M. Bouguereau's art. Another characteristic example is "Early Duty," a young girl carrying a picher on her shoulder, a charming composition of harmonious lines and tender tones. M. Gérôme's "La Patrie" represents a modern Greek seated on a huge capital among some antique ruins, singing his patriotic lay of the Isles of Greece. The figure is most dexterously introduced in the forlorn landscape, and admirably accords with the sentiment of the pallid sky and melancholy sea. Notwithstanding its cold colour and the repelling green of the hillside, the picture is charged with the poetic feeling too often wanting in M. Gérôme's work. Among other noteworthy paintings are Mlle. Demont-Breton's powerful "Sea Dogs," with its admirable character-studies of fisher-folk and sailors; A. Mauve's refreshingly sincere and pathetic landscape, "A Winter's Road"; a remarkably fine cattle-piece by Van Marcke; a representative Israels; and a Dutch landscape by T. de Bock, with something of Corot's influence, despite its strong individuality.

The poet who tells us men scarcely know how beautiful fire is might well have included smoke in his poetic *aperçu*, even if he has not done so inferentially. The artist, however, who studies the streets under the ever-changing atmospheric conditions of the London climate knows how much of the visionary charm they assume, especially during sunset and sunrise, is due to the smoke that overhangs the vast hollow where London's smoky cauldron simmers. The collected drawings of Mr. Herbert Marshall, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, offer a rare chance for the enlightenment of unobservant Londoners. Many of these water-colours, particularly the largest of them, are wonderful for veracity of atmosphere and colour, and for the strength of their unrealized presentment of noble buildings and homely streets, of blue smoky vistas or the broken lights of delayed sunrise hush over the ambient mist, and all the manifold phenomena of dusk and dawn. Another class of work is chiefly of topographical or architectural interest, several examples of which will be something of a revelation to many who think they know London well. Of these are the interior of the noble Norman church of St. Bartholomew the Great (22); "Emmanuel Hospital, Buckingham Gate" (18); and "The Hay Market, St. Bartholomew's Square" (31). The two last-named, the "Park Lane" (41),

and other of the smaller drawings must be considered apart from the larger and more admirable examples, in which the artist has caught with sincerity and power some of the fluctuant aspects of the streets in their workaday guise. The "Park Lane" has brightness and visibility enough to suggest a study of a foreign provincial town; it is clean-washed, smokeless, and the ethereal blue of the sky is unadulterate in tone, even to the horizon of chimneys. The "St. Giles's, Cripplegate" (28) is also void of atmosphere or tone, and the old church appears garish beneath a stainless sky. These, and the like, may be accepted with reservations, as literal transcripts of London scenery, "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air"; but they possess none of the poetry and transfiguration, absolutely veracious and unexaggerated, of the "Sunrise in Broad Sanctuary" (84), "The Fiery Portal of the East" (25), "Snow-time on the River" (37), "Whitehall—an Autumn Morning" (15), and the admirable little drawing "Timber Baulks by Blackfriars" (33). Though the architectural element is conspicuous in Mr. Marshall's work, the life and movement of the streets are most felicitously given in many instances, particularly in "Asphalters at work in the Strand" (66), in "Piccadilly" (17), and in "Ludgate Hill" (52). The latter is a drawing of great beauty, the moist atmosphere and mellow tones of reflected sunlight being rendered with perfect fidelity, though the artist would find it hard to explain the presence of the waning moon high in the north-eastern heaven at an hour when the low sun lights the south-western portion of St. Paul's. This opposition of the lesser and greater lights is as strange as the juxtaposition of the rainbow and the sun in the landscape of an Old Master which moved Mr. Ruskin's scorn.

Mr. James Orrock's well-recognized skill in landscape art, based as it is on the sound principles of the old school of English water-colour, is agreeably illustrated by a series of drawings of the English and Scottish borders, exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, 133 New Bond Street. We have always preferred the artist's water-colours to his work in oils, though his facility is equally manifest in both mediums. The romantic country of Walter Scott supplies Mr. Orrock with all those circumstances of landscape which he knows so well how to combine in the quiet unity of pictorial effect, chief among which are the rushes and morasses of the foreground, broad, brimming river, the huge mouldering tower of some immemorial castle, and a spacious distance melting into the pure serene that suggests infinity. Mr. Orrock's study of nature is eminently reverential and faithful, and his work is refreshingly free from feverish attempts or unrealized sensations. His treatment of cloud-forms might perhaps be advantageously varied, and his partiality for cirro-cumulus shows less range and vigour than his interpretation of the landscape proper. Perhaps these skies that tend to a stereotype rendering are, after all, but a truthful reflex of Mr. Orrock's studies and characteristic of the season and locality. Among the more effective transcripts in the series we must mention the very expressive and limpid drawing of "Smallholme Tower" (30); the powerful example of the same, looking towards the Eildon Hills (32); "Lilburn Tower" (12), with its admirable foreground; "Melrose from Bemerside" (3), with a Robson-like distance; the wide aerial breadth of the "Bamborough" (18), and the suave colour and mellow harmonies of the "Alnwick, from the River" (39). Mr. Walter Armstrong's note on "The Classic Border-land" is all that a catalogue commentary should be, void of criticism, yet perspicuous, exact, and concise.

## A GREAT COURT BARON.

RECENTLY we illustrated the origin and purpose of the Court Leet by some account of the proceedings still customary in the Manor of Wakefield, and by an inquiry into the nature of the jurisdiction of which, by successive enactments, the Leet has been shorn. The Court Baron, which is held in conjunction with the Leet, is concerned solely with the civil business of the lord, in his relationship with his tenants, and with the passing of certain by-laws; and its customs are very curious. Kitchen, whose quaint volume on the subject we quoted, gives a form of proclamation, in more than doubtful English, for use at it, which differs somewhat from that now employed in the jurisdiction of the Manor of Wakefield, which we gave. Thus he has it:—"If any man will be Essoynd, and in Court Baron; if any will be Essoynd, or enter their Plaint, come yea in, and you shall be heard."

Certainly the chief function of the Court Baron was to see that the lord got his fair profits out of the manor. If a customary tenant died, his son paid a fine of heriot, according to the property he acquired; if a man surrendered his land into the hands of the lord and a new tenant was admitted, the new tenant paid a fine also; and every copyholder of the manor paid a yearly rent to the lord. These were the profits which Saxon thanes and Norman grantees drew from their manorial possessions. In order that the fines and rents might be properly collected and duly supervised, the manors in the North of England were divided into *graveships*, in which the grave—an official with a Saxon name—had control of the matter. The surrenders of copyholds in the manor of Wakefield are made with a peculiar custom. The surrenderor and one of the copyholders severally take hold of a straw—in other places it may be a glove, a rod, or

other symbol—attached to the instrument, and the former says aloud:—"I surrender the premises herein described into the hands of the Lord of the Manor of Wakefield to the uses herein expressed"; whereupon the copyholder hands the deed to the steward, swearing on oath that he took it in the manner described, and the new tenant is admitted. But the feudal lord had other profits than those attached to the descent and transfer of property. Many of his tenants were compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the dam of the soke-mill, at which the men of the soke were obliged to grind their corn, paying the mulcture to the lord's miller. They paid also to the lord so much for foreign service, so much for their ploughs, so much for reaping—if they were men who kept fires in their houses; they were compelled to plough and reap for him, and to assist the grave in driving cattle taken in distress; they paid him so much apiece for their hogs, and so much for grinding malt; and some of them had to assist in making the eldest son of the lord into a knight, and in marrying his daughter, and had to go a-hawking or a-hunting with him, at their own charges, whenever he came to his forest or chase. These illustrations of the rents and services of manorial tenants are taken from some of those which divers people, native and others, owed to John de Warren, last Earl of Warren and Surrey, Lord of the Manor of Wakefield, in the year 1314.

The Manor of Wakefield, with its nine large sub-feudalities, was in the King's hands when Domesday was compiled; but it was granted, about 1095, to William de Warren, second Earl of Surrey, a great lord whose mother, it is said, had been the daughter of the Conqueror, and who had himself married the daughter of Hugh the Great, Earl of Vermandois. He was a somewhat turbulent baron, according to the wont of his family, but was humbled by a temporary deprivation of his estate in 1102, and in the rebellion of 1118 he stood faithful to the King. The Earl largely endowed the Priory of Lewes in Sussex, which his father had founded, and gave to it possessions in the Manor of Wakefield and the neighbourhood of his Castle of Conisborough, which would be cheap at ten thousand a year, and this he did in a charter of about twenty-five words. The new crusade was now being preached by St. Bernard, and William, the third Earl of Warren and Surrey, passed over into the Holy Land, where he was slain in 1148, leaving but one daughter, his heiress, who married William de Blois, son of King Stephen, and afterwards Hameline, a natural son of Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou. Hameline's grandson, John de Warren, the seventh earl, was a turbulent baron of independent spirit, who is celebrated for having attacked and severely wounded Alan de Zouch and his son in the King's Court at Westminster, and for his well-known reply to the *quo warranto* of Edward I., when, drawing a rusty blade, he declared that by the sword his ancestors had gained their lands, and by the sword he meant to defend them. Nevertheless the evil deeds of the Earl's seneschal, of his extortions in the forest of Sowerbyshire, and of his imprisoning people, without any right, at Conisborough and Wakefield, are recorded in the "Hundred Rolls." This sturdy baron was yet alive when his son, William de Warren, was killed in a tournament at Croydon on December 15, 1286, and he was succeeded by his grandson, John de Warren. This great noble, the last earl of his race, was a man of power in Edward II.'s days, albeit a wicked one, and he was a great thorn for years in that monarch's side. Numbered amongst those who did Gaveston to death, he was pardoned with the others who shared the crime; but he stood aloof from the King, and, with the Earls of Lancaster, Arundel, and Warwick, declined to join the Scotch expedition, and so was absent from his place at Bannockburn. Presently, however, he made his peace with the Crown, and, it is said, was even hand and glove with Edward, and it was with his connivance that Warren carried off the wife of the Earl of Lancaster. However this might be, Lancaster's vengeance fell chiefly on Warren, whose Yorkshire castles were besieged, and, but for Royal interference, he might have been crushed. As it was, he had to surrender his manor of Wakefield as a make-peace to Lancaster, who possessed it until his death. It was not long before Warren's turbulent spirit began to show itself again, for we find him arrayed against the King on the Dispenser question; but he made his peace once more, and joined Edward against Badlesmere. From that time he remained faithful—it was the best policy—and grew so much in Royal favour that he was a member of the Council of Edward III. This Earl of Warren led a truly unhappy life, for, though he had two wives, he left no legitimate children, and his illegitimate ones, to whom by a regrant from the King he had had his estates secured, all died in his lifetime. Before his death the Earl seems to have tried to be on better terms with religion, and he gave the rectory of Hatfield, in the manor of Wakefield, with considerable possessions, to the Abbey of Roche. When the Earl of Warren was dead, the manor, with his other Yorkshire estates, came into the hands of Edward III., who gave it to his son Edmund de Langley, from whom it descended to Richard, Duke of York, and to the Crown again in the person of Edward IV. It continued in the possession of the Kings of England until 1554, when it was united to the Duchy of Lancaster; but subsequently James I. granted it to Henry, Earl of Holland, who was beheaded because he had attempted to restore Charles II., and it passed by descent and sale through the hands of the Cliftons, the Claphams, and the Dukes of Leeds, to the present owner, Lord Conyers.

#### WHAT IS A LADY?

THE definition of a simple idea is the great difficulty of lexicographers and others. To judge from dictionaries and from treatises on ethics, it is almost, or, according to some, quite, impossible. But some very complicated ideas are almost equally incapable of exact definition. Five hundred years ago Madam Barnes, of Sopwell Priory, or the writer of the *Boke of St. Albans*, whosoever she was, endeavoured, with singular want of success, to tell "how gentlemen shall be known from ungentlemen." The virtues of chivalry are enumerated without giving us a very distinct ideal of knighthood, and then we come to the nine articles of gentleness, which are these:—That a gentleman should be lordly of countenance, treatable in language, wise in his answer, perfect in governance, cheerful to faithfulness, that he should use few oaths in swearing, be "boxom to Goddis bydding," knowing his own birth and bearing, and dreading to offend his sovereign. No doubt these are all marks of "gentleness," but most inquirers will want a little more. Dr. Johnson is not more explicit. According to him, breeding is the chief thing. A gentleman, he says, is "a man of birth, a man of extraction, though not noble," but he allows, as a secondary meaning, "a man raised above the vulgar by his character or post." Dame Juliana avoids any attempt to tell us "what is a lady," although in her *Process of Hawking* she teaches us that "there is a merlyon; and that hawk is for a lady," and informs us, moreover, that "gentlemen and honest persons have great delight in hawking." Johnson says a lady is "a woman of high rank." But neither the writer of four centuries ago nor the writer of one could have anticipated that a time would come when every human female would be called "a lady," and when it would be as rude to speak of "a woman" as of "a fellow." A modern writer says, very sensibly, "I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether any disgrace is supposed to be attached to the word woman, so entirely has it dropped out of the vocabulary of every one—except as referring to people in quite the poor or labouring classes." A wider experience would have taught the author of a little book on this question (Griffith & Farran) that even members of the labouring classes refer to their wives as ladies, and would be shocked to hear them called women. Far be it from any one to grudge them the title; for, as the writer suggests, the world is not so pure, so refined, or its manners so gracious, that we can afford to check or diminish "the element in it which contains the most softening influence which human kind has ever bowed to." Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the word is so often misused and misapplied that it is in danger of being gradually degraded, like "knave," "villain," "boor," and other expressions which, as Archbishop Trench observes, have "deteriorated and degenerated."

The servant girl who wants to be "quite the lady" would probably say that fine clothes are indispensable. On this point, however, we are told, with some emphasis, that dress "does not make a lady; it has nothing at all to do with making her." This is a hard saying and to be received with difficulty, yet it conveys a truth. So long as she is clean and neat, "dressing well or badly has nothing at all to do with her ladyhood." Again, the possession of riches does not, and never can, make a lady. "To judge people, not by what they are, but by what they have, is one of the commonest vulgarisms of the age." Finally, rank does not make a lady, or, as the writer observes, further on, "good manners are confined to no rank of life or grade of society. The wife of a labourer may have them; a duchess may be without them." Besides good manners, self-control is one of the necessities prescribed. "If your cook has been impertinent, or your tradespeople tiresome, it is better, as a rule, to keep those facts to yourself." It is unladylike to make rude and personal remarks to "members of your own family and household, however nearly related they may be." Probably every successive generation makes the same complaint of the decay of family manners. We always think we were more respectful to our parents than our children are to us. Perhaps we were; but similar complaints may be found in many old books. Certainly, however, whether it is a good or a bad feature of modern society, the manners of girls in the bosoms of their families are, to put it mildly, very blunt. Sincerity is carried to an extreme point. Daughters take it upon themselves to reprove their mothers with great facility. The elder folk are not supposed to know what is nowadays considered aesthetical or in good taste. Their eye for colour was spoiled by the crudities of "pre-aniline" dyes. How can people who learned art before Mr. Jones or Mr. Watts had exhibited know anything about it? With their ears accustomed to Beethoven, and the still more old-fashioned Handel, how can they judge of Wagner? As to ordering dresses or taking a box at a theatre, no parent with grown-up daughters can think of such a thing on his or her own mere motion. This is, of course, only one part of a larger question, but domestic manners need improvement, and young people, without experience, are very likely to underrate the value of older people's knowledge of the world, and call compromise stupidity. They have to gain such knowledge for themselves, and with too many it is another example of the truth of the ancient proverb:—

Saum quisque naufragium facit.

Cheap jewelry, showy clothes, artificial flowers among servants and factory girls, have their counterpart among a higher class;



and no rank is exempt from some form of weakness. Even Thackeray confessed he rather liked to walk down Pall Mall between two dukes; and the author of the little book on "What is a Lady" strikes a true note when she remarks, "It would be a happy day for England when the answer to the question could be, 'All the women of England are ladies.'"

CONCILIATION OR COERCION.  
(AMENDED AND EXTENDED VERSION.)  
With Apologies to the "Daily News."

**NOW**, lords and gents of birth and blood,  
Restrain your fiery zeal,  
Powder and shot's not all we've got  
A nation's woe to heal.

[Although the sufferer, it is true,  
Has tried them with effect on you.]

If Ireland needs a friendly hand,  
A brother's honest shake,  
Let's hold it out with right good will  
And not for Fashion's sake.

[Though Ireland needs, it has been said,  
A nurse's hearty shake instead.]

O Ireland! our brave working-men  
Have forged no human chains,  
Despotic Power was never theirs  
And runs not in their veins.

[Tis only centred in their votes,  
Or wielded through their clamorous throats.]

Theirs is the soul that scorns to stoop  
To Insolence and Pride;  
'Tis their demand that through the earth  
God's Justice shall preside.

[And whatsoever they do demand  
Becomes God's Justice out of hand.]

In all thy depth of bitter woe,  
That never heart can tell,  
From Justice thy relief must come,  
And not from shot and shell.

[Though, next to Justice, rusty slugs  
Are fairly efficacious drugs.]

'Tis not from noble dukes and lords  
That Freedom ever comes;  
There is no love 'twixt clashing swords  
Or peace in kettledrums.

[No! love and peace alone unite  
In dagger-thrusts and dynamite.]

Content's a virtue strongly urged  
By preachers duly fed;  
And force will be a remedy  
When bayonets are bread.

[The surgeon's knife can never heal  
Because men cannot live on steel.]

Let then official patriots curse  
And tyrants cry aloud,  
Let mighty dukes and lords coerce  
The lightning in the cloud.

[That phrase, I fancy, ought to tell;  
I'm sure it begs the question well.]

Although a duke might make a law  
Resistance to forbid,  
No duke with any ass's jaw  
Could do what Samson did.

[Though asses' jaws may well complete  
On England Samson's dying feat.]

'Tis not the foot that crushed the flower  
Can ever make it grow;  
'Tis not the grinding heel of Power  
Can cure a nation's woe.

[Tis not lame metaphors, in short,  
That can a noodle's case support.]

'Tis honest heartfelt sympathy  
That man to man unites;  
The Social Plan requires for all  
A brotherhood of rights.

[And is, in fact, the "simple plan"  
That they should take—or keep—who can.]

## REVIEWS.

## THE CAKCHIQUELS.\*

THE discovery of America, as M. Réville said in his Hibbert Lectures, introduced us to races of men almost as remote from the humanity formerly known as if they were dwellers in another planet. Very brief acquaintance with the American peoples sufficed to show that human nature was much the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and if any of the stars are inhabited we may feel pretty certain that the natives are more like ourselves than like any novel and unimagined race. But, despite the community of human nature, there must always exist a strong curiosity as to the past of the great civilized peoples of Central America. How much of their culture is indigenous, are any parts of it borrowed from Asia, how old were their cities and polities when Tonatiuh, the Sun (as they called Alvarado), appeared among them, burning, hanging, torturing, robbing, destroying the fair palaces and the temples of the gods?

Dr. Brinton's new volume, in his Library of Aboriginal American Literature, throws a little light, dim and confused indeed, but welcome, on those problems. He publishes, with a translation and an excellent introduction, the native annals of the Cakchiquels, a civilized people of Guatemala. The native manuscript, which he styles the "Annals of Xahila," is a folio of forty-eight leaves, closely written, in a European hand, with indigo ink. It was discovered in 1844 by Don Juan Gavarette, who had been commissioned to arrange the archives of the Convent of San Francisco in Guatemala. Among the MSS. he found the Annals, written, as we have said, in the European script, but entirely composed in Cakchiquel, the native language. The MS. has been in the hands of Brasseur de Bourbourg, and is now the property of M. Alphonse Pinart. Though written at Atitlan, on the lake of that name, the authors were certainly Cakchiquels, not Tzutuhils. The document is part of a brief, or record, in some old suit waged by the authors under Spanish law after the conquest. This sounds unpromising, as briefs do not commonly begin with a short account of Creation, and go on through a history of the migrations of the race till they reach the point at issue. But every one knows that, even under the Roman Empire, Greek cities which had legal contentions with each other made little of going back to the Trojan War, or even to Deucalion, in search of mythical evidence to support their claims. Whatever the Spanish courts may have thought of this system, it was adopted, fortunately for us, by the Cakchiquel family of Xahila in their legal business. Many such *Títulos*, as the Spaniards call them, exist, and contain the mythical pedigrees of native American princes. The manuscript with which we are concerned was copied out in its present form not earlier than 1620. The document is made up out of the depositions put in by a number of members of the Xahila family, and among these is a copy of a statement drawn up by an ancestor who was of full age when the Spaniards arrived, and who actually saw Tonatiuh—Alvarado, burning and plundering. By the way, if the Spaniards had been cut off and destroyed, and if some philologist of our day had lighted on the "Xahila Annals," with what certainty would he have demonstrated that Alvarado's invasion was only a myth of a hot summer, a tale told about the drought and distress caused by Tonatiuh, the Sun!

Had the author of the earliest portion of the Annals only told us what thoughts were in men's hearts as the rumours reached them of the approaching Castilians, strange white heroes, with such mysterious properties as firearms and horses, how interesting would the record have been! But, writing after the iron had entered into his soul, after the Spaniards had become a familiar plague, he said nothing about all this. He was married in 1522, the Spaniards arrived in 1524, and from a prince he became a despised subject. But he wears the yoke contentedly, and is satisfied with labouring at his statement, which begins with the Creation and goes down to the conversion and baptism of the Cakchiquels.

Before glancing at this document, of which the interest (before Tonatiuh came) is chiefly mythical, and which, as a copy of ancient sacred chants, is always very confused and obscure, it may be well to state what is known about Cakchiquel civilization. With this Dr. Brinton's excellent introduction is mainly concerned, and he makes good use of early Spanish authorities.

The Cakchiquels are linguistically and ethnologically akin to three neighbouring nations, of whom the Quiches, with their sacred book the *Popol Vuh*, are most familiarly known. The language is of the same stock as the Maya, spoken most purely in Yucatan, where the famous and majestic ruins and statues testify to the existence of a great empire. The Cakchiquels, like the other three nations, were a settled people, agriculturists not only industrious but enthusiastic. "Whoever closely examines these Indians," says a MS. of the seventeenth century, "will see that all they do and say is concerned with maize, so that they go near to make a god of it." Then the MS. declares that they are always "conjuring" in their fields, for, as in the Melanesian group, a practical acquaintance with magic was no small part of an agricultural education. We are reminded of the Indo-Aryan "fussing and conjuring" with the Soma juice, of which they not only "almost," but altogether, "made a god." A god,

\* *Annals of the Cakchiquels*. Edited by D. G. Brinton, M.D. London: Trübner & Co.

too, after a fashion, was "the Mother of Mays," among the Peruvians, according to Acosta. "Putting the Mays in the richest garments they have, they worship this Pirua"; and, according to Sahagun, maize was almost as much venerated by the Mexicans. In this sacred enthusiasm for the staff of life, we may see the sentiment which, in Greece, produced some part of the cult of Demeter and Dionysus—corn and wine. The Cakchiquels were clever artisans, weavers of fans, skilled in the use of dyes, and great builders, using cut stone both for temples, houses, and fortifications. All these buildings were established with a peculiarly firm mortar. "Esta ciudad es bien obrada y fuerte á maravilla," writes Tonatiuh himself.

The Cakchiquels had, in some shape, the art of writing *gibah*, which primarily means to paint. In the Annals, the author represents the payment of tribute of certain painted or written hymns and songs as one of the grievances of his ancestors in very early times. They made their famous half-mythical migration, that they might be in a position to extort tribute instead of paying it. Their literature consisted of these chants, usually sung at the mystery dances of their religion. They had dramas, also, Dr. Brinton declares, and their ceremonial was complicated and rather imposing. The Pictish kings were crowned with a ceremony of a most barbarous and loathsome description. It was thus, on the other hand, that a monarch of one of the hereditary houses of the Cakchiquels was inducted:—

He was bathed by the attendants in a large painted vessel; he was clad in flowing robes; a sacred girdle or fillet was tied upon him; he was painted with the holy colours, was anointed, and jewels were placed upon his person.

The streets of the towns were paved with cement, and the chief oracle was a piece of stone, apparently a kind of obsidian, in which (as in the crystal globe of Dr. Dee) future events were supposed to reflect themselves. Stones, especially flint and obsidian, play a great part in the cosmogonic myths of most American races, and not least in the myths of the Cakchiquels. With regard to the division of time, the Cakchiquels practised arrangements as complex as those of the Aztecs. Painted astrological calendars were in common use. In their social laws the people were exogamous—that is, were divided into stocks by certain family names, and no man might marry a woman of the same family name. The name for the division, *chinamitl*, closely corresponds to the Hindoo *gotra*, and, like *gotra*, means a fence. Marriage within the *gotra* is forbidden in India. Dr. Brinton speaks of the Totems of families; but we do not gather that the Totem gave its name (as so often happens) to the exogamous divisions. As to religion, the chief god of this race, according to the *Popol Vuh*, was a bat, or had a bat for his image. "The bat, Zotz, was the Totem of the Zetzils, the ruling family of the Cakchiquels, and they seem to have set it up as the image of Chamalcan." This deity, by way of compliment, was commonly styled "The Liar," a term of endearment applied by the Algonkin tribes to their chief "Culture-hero." They also dreaded a mysterious denizen of the woods whom their ancestors got the better of in an encounter, according to Xahila's Annals. Religion demanded human sacrifices of a hideous character and voluntary blood-letting. Magic and sorcery were, as usual, freely practised.

Turning from the Cakchiquels to Xahila's records, we are compelled to admit they are exceeding obscure. They give a Creation myth, which we quote, and Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley may make what they can out of it:—

And now is brought forth the Obsidian Stone by the precious Xibalbay the glorious Xibalbay, and man is made by the Maker, the Creator; the Obsidian Stone was his sustainer, when man was made in misery, and when man was formed; he was fed with wood, he was fed with leaves; he wished only the earth; he could not speak, he could not walk; he had no blood, he had no flesh; so say our fathers, our ancestors, oh you my sons. Nothing was found to feed him; at length something was found to feed him. Two brutes knew that there was food in the place called Paxil, where the c brutes were, the Coyote and the Crow by name. Even in the refuse of maize it was found, when the brute Coyote was killed as he was separating his maize, and was searching for bread to knead, (killed) by the brute Tiah Tiah by name; and the blood of the serpent and the tapir was brought from within the sea by means of Tiah Tiah, with which the maize was to be kneaded; the flesh of man was formed of it by the Maker, the Creator; and well did they, the Maker and the Creator, know him who was born, him who was begotten; they made man as he was made, they formed man as they made him, so they tell. There were thirteen men, fourteen women; they talked, they walked, they had blood, they had flesh. They married, and one had two wives.

The historical tradition is that the people "came from the other side of the sea," being bidden by the Obsidian Stone to seek fresh woods and new domains. Birds in vain gave them evil omens; they received the birds with scepticism. "We said to the brute, Do not speak thus; you are but the sign of spring. You wail first when it is spring; when the rain ceases you wail," most sensible remarks. All that follows, all the migrations, dealings with magic, trouble with the spirit who calls himself "The Heart of the Forest," and so forth, read like the record of a confused nightmare. Some one seems to have sacrificed himself to appease a volcano. The most important event was the slaying of a foe called Tolgom, which we quote:—

At length the arrow of our ancestor Gagavitz was discharged. It passed rapidly over the place named Chetzulu, and pierced Tolgom. All the warriors then slew him, some arrows piercing him from near and others from afar. The man being thus killed, a great stream of blood came forth behind the tree. His body was cut in pieces and divided among all the seven towns. This gift and this sacrifice of his death were what founded the festival of (the month) Uchum. At that festival all were equal; there was eating and drinking; little children were killed by being shot with

arrows, their heads being adorned with elder flowers, as his substitute, as if they were Tolgom, as say our fathers of yore, oh my children. In this manner we obtained power with the Zetzil Tukuches, by knowledge and occult science, by power and majesty; thus did our fathers and ancestors, we the Cakchiquels, lift our heads above others, nor our ancestors lower their glory and their birth.

This myth, doubtless, is told to account for the origin of the Cakchiquel feast, with the characteristic sacrifice of little children described. After all, Tonatiuh stopped a great deal of hideous religious cruelty among the Cakchiquels.

#### SEVEN NOVELS.\*

MR. JULIAN STURGIS'S latest novel, *John Maidment*, arrests the attention of the reader, from first to last, more perhaps by its analysis of character than by any great excitement of plot. When the story opens John Maidment is making his last speech in the debating-room of the Oxford Union, during "the great debate of the year." He is an ardent Radical, he "burns to pulverize the idle and luxurious"; he hopes "to live to see the glorious days when a free people in a free land, sole masters, one and all, of the dear soil on which we live, sole masters, one and all, of the destiny of our fair Fatherland—the glorious days when we, a nobler and a juster people in the eyes of God and man, shall put our veto on all aggressive war. . . . Only the good and the wise shall be held worthy of honour, only the wise and good and the dignity of daily labour." This promising young scion of the tribe of Joseph is the son of a certain Wilfrid Maidment, who, after having run through money and credit at home, had conveniently vanished to America years before, leaving his son to be brought up by Colonel Brent, a friend who had stood by him to the last. The real truth of the story is kept from John, who builds up such a glorious vision of his distant parent that he succeeds in persuading himself that it was a very high honour indeed for Colonel Brent to have had the friendship of such a transcendent being, and that anything he may have done for himself, John (such trifles as sending him to school and to Oxford, and providing for him in every way), was but a poor return for the "privilege of looking after Wilfrid's boy." This delightful faculty of arranging facts is John's chief characteristic throughout. He tells himself that he has so extraordinarily sensitive a conscience that anything he does must be right; if it were not, his conscience would not allow him to do it. His friend, disciple, and ardent worshipper, Paul Brent, refuses the family seat in Parliament, because he feels that, as a follower of John Maidment, he cannot promise his father not to vote for the lowering of the franchise; and his faith in his idol receives a severe shock when he finds that the idol is not a man to let his principles stand in the way of his getting a seat in Parliament somehow. This yielding to the first temptation that crosses his path at the outset of his career strikes the keynote of John Maidment's character. He can give such excellent reasons to himself for throwing over Letty Brent to marry Lady Gertrude Bookham; for throwing over his party (because its leaders do not ask him to dinner); for throwing over the whole Brent family when the remembrance of them seems likely to prick the conscience he is so proud of; for throwing over his father when he finds him sick and in misery, and for wheeling round when he suddenly finds that his father is worth a million dollars—he can accomplish these feats so cleverly and so entirely to the satisfaction of his "extraordinarily sensitive conscience" that one can only fall back on the self-evident fact that nature had admirably fitted him to be a Radical. The character-drawing all through the book is worthy of high praise; the little touches which bring out the salient characteristics of the various people amongst whom John Maidment moves are laid on with unerring precision. The minor characters are so well drawn that they might be labelled "People one has known," nevertheless they never obtrude or overshadow the development of the chief personage, John Maidment himself. The book ends with Lady Gertrude Maidment worshipping her husband in words after his own heart, and with which we heartily concur. "How I like the Brents!" exclaims this discriminating lady. "They are so nice and natural; but there are thousands of people like that. Of course they are brave and good, and all that; but so are lots of Englishmen. There is only one John Maidment." So mote it be!

*At the Sign of the Red Glove* is a charming story, told with Mrs. Macquoid's usual quiet grace. M. Carouge, the rich proprietor of the Hôtel Beauregard, at Berne, falls in love with, and marries, a beautiful girl, Elvire Fontaine, whom he meets during one of his journeys in Southern France. He brings her back to Berne, but having a poor opinion of women and their ways, he shuts her up in a villa some distance outside the town, with a duenna on guard

\* *John Maidment*. By Julian Sturgis. London: Longmans & Co.

*At the Sign of the Red Glove*. By Katherine S. Macquoid. London: Ward & Downey.

*Only One Other*. By Frederick Warren. London: Remington & Co.

*A Mission Flower*. By George F. Picard. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

*A Maiden all Forlorn; and other Stories*. By the Author of "Phyllis." London: Ward & Downey.

*Winter Fun*. By W. O. Stoddard. London: Bickers & Son. 1886.

*Tales in the Speech-house*. By Charles Grindrod. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.



over her. For a time the novelty and luxury of her surroundings delight Elvire; but by degrees the novelty wears off, she gets tired of being treated like a beautiful doll, and matters gradually assume a threatening aspect for M. Carouge's happiness, when, with a wisdom and delicacy which cannot be too highly praised in an elderly husband, he dies, and Elvire, as Mme. Carouge, becomes one of the richest widows of Berne, with one all-absorbing idea—to know what love really is. When a beautiful woman of eight-and-twenty is possessed of such a desire, it is not long before she puts her idea in action; therefore Mme. Carouge, soon after she takes up her place in the great hotel as its mistress and proprietor, falls over head and ears in love with a handsome young Swiss, Rudolf Engemann, who lodges at the sign of the Red Glove. This glove shop is kept by a certain old crone, Mme. Bobineau, a parasite and hanger-on of the beautiful widow. Rudolf is absolutely blind to the widow's affection, and unconsciously drifts into an entanglement with her, while all the time he is really in love with Marie Peyrolles, cousin and ward of old Mme. Bobineau. The course of the true love between these young lovers certainly does not run smooth, for poor Marie is so tortured and worried by her guardian that, when she hears that Rudolf is engaged to Mme. Carouge, she gives up all hope. Stung to the quick by Mme. Bobineau's taunts that Rudolf was only flirting with her, she allows herself to be engaged to old Captain Loigerot, a delightful old gentleman, full of vanity and bombastic utterances, but blessed with a heart of gold under his unattractive exterior. That the lovers do come together at last, in spite of all barriers, it is hardly necessary to say; and the scene in the gardens of the Schänzli, when they clear up their mutual misunderstandings, is one of the prettiest in the book. The sketches of Berne are charming and full of local colour, and are a fit setting for so graceful a story. We should have been glad if Mme. Carouge could have been allowed to traverse the pages without having her cheeks likened to nectarines each time she appears upon the scene.

In reading Mr. Warren's book, two questions thrust themselves forward; first, what could have possessed any one to write so dull a book? and, secondly, having written it, to call it by such a title as *Only One Other*? These two speculations help one somewhat through the story of a weak-minded prig, who, after making most unmistakable and continuous love to "only one other" besides his wife, whereby he makes that wife utterly miserable, and nearly kills a fine, manly young fellow, by name George Meredith, repents at the eleventh hour, gives up "only one other," and getting himself ordained as a clergyman, fits out a mission ship, wherein he and his reconciled wife attend the fleets of fishing smacks off the south and west coast. The whole story, in spite of its subject, is eminently harmless, and as to style, it might have been written by the late lamented Mr. Barlow, of *Sandford and Merton* memory.

*A Mission Flower* comes to us from America, from the pen of Mr. Picard, and a very charming flower of fiction it is. The tragedy that underlies the whole story is kept within due bounds, and not allowed a prominence which would mar the whole tone of the book. Dona Solace, the "Mission Flower," is the only child of Anthony Solace, a man so utterly unscrupulous, that when a coroner's jury of his fellow-townsmen are called to "sit upon" his dead body, the deputy sheriff, one of their number, echoes every one's feelings when he recommends them "to go slow" with their verdict, as "Solace here is in the habit of dying whenever he can make it profitable to do so—and this is to my knowledge the third time he has died, gentlemen." The third time, however, had evidently proved fatal, for Anthony Solace was dead, with a bullet-hole in his forehead, and the jury accordingly returned a verdict of "suicide." Dona is placed by her young guardian, Manuel Silva, at the Mission of St. Xavier-in-the-Valley. Manuel has been her friend and playfellow all her life, and also had repeatedly helped the dead Anthony in money matters, in spite of the detestation with which he and every one else had regarded the defunct blood-sucker. As may be imagined, Manuel is in love with Dona, who wavers between him and a religious vocation. Matters are complicated by the arrival in these distant wilds of a couple of young English people, brother and sister, Roger and Nelly Paradise, who have come out to see after their father's great estate, of which Anthony Solace had had the management. Roger falls blindly in love with Dona, and Nelly announces her intention of becoming a nun at the Mission. Poor Dona's perplexities crowd upon her. The superiors of the convent wish her to marry Roger, and strenuously oppose, for some mysterious reason, any idea of her marrying her guardian Manuel. The girl's religious vocation gradually dwindles in the midst of her mental perturbations, and when old Father Caron, her director, finds that she has refused Roger, on account of her love for Manuel, he discloses to her the reason why she can never marry the latter. What that reason is it would not be fair to tell, but the girl in a storm of indignation at hearing her lover thus traduced, leaves the convent and flies to him, only to hear in the shelter of his arms that the main facts of the story are true, and that they must part for ever. Dona returns to the convent, where she enters upon her novitiate; the Paradisees go back to England after nursing Manuel through a violent fever, and he, Manuel, dies a fortnight after their departure. There is a quaint originality about the book which is charming, and the contrast between the courteous old Jesuit, Father Caron, and the bright, breezy, enthusiastic Nelly Paradise, who looks up to the

old priest with all reverence, is delightfully sketched. An author who writes so pleasantly ought to know better than to speak of a fragment of a wine-glass which Manuel crushes in his hand as "a bit of broken Clichy ware," and a little more careful correction of proofs would, no doubt, have eliminated such a mistake as "*bête noir*."

The volume of short stories written by the author of *Phyllis*, *Molly Bawn*, &c., hardly needs much comment. These stories are, if we mistake not, mostly reprints; but, putting aside that fact, the author can hardly expect to be taken seriously. In fact, we do not think she wishes to be, for no one who can write in the following style can be said to treat her art with any degree of respect at all:—

Mrs Neville as usual is faultlessly attired in some pale fabric, untouched by colour of any sort, and is looking more than ordinarily lovely.

Her large dark eyes, blue as the deep Czar violet, and tinged with melancholy, are in perfect harmony with the cream-coloured hat she wears.

A little suspicion of crimson adorns each cheek.

Her lips are parted.

She seems indeed a very phantom of delight.

The italics are our own, mere evidences of enthusiastic appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the author, in thus remembering how necessary it is that a heroine's eyes should always be in perfect harmony with her hat. Of all the stories, we prefer "Vivienne," slight though it is in every way. In "Zara" the author has attempted a different style from her usual one, and has only succeeded in producing a bald plagiarism of the worst of "Ouida's" peculiarities.

*Winter Fun*, by Mr. W. O. Stoddard, reprinted from the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, is a capital book. It describes the life of a party of boys and girls, and their parents, in one of the outlying country districts in the United States during the winter. The descriptions of the sleighing, fishing, shooting, coasting, felling trees, &c. &c. are excellent, and one of the best things in the book is an account of the "Word-battle at Cobbleville," which is so well described that the reader can hardly help joining in the excitement over this form of "spelling-bee." To most young people over here the winter amusements described will be quite new, and we have no doubt will fill them with envy, for certainly no party of youngsters could more thoroughly have followed the old dictum to

make a summer of the heart,  
And laugh at winter cold.

The idea of a party of people snowed up in an inn, who beguile the monotony of their imprisonment by relating stories, can hardly claim to be original, and certainly the *Tales in the Speech-house* are even less original than that idea. The mantle of Dickens has not fallen upon Mr. Grindrod's shoulders, and it really would be hard to imagine a duller occupation than to plough through this collection of tales. The titles are enough to deter any one but a reviewer:—"The Drunkard's Vow," "The Suicide's Wakening," the "Voice from the Tomb" (the latter related by "The Grey-coated Man"). Such titles as these make a despairing reader feel inclined to give the book its only chance of ever appearing bright—by consigning it to the flames.

### THREE GERMAN READERS.\*

MR. FASNACHT'S *Progressive German Reader* is by far the most rational book for teaching the elements of German to the English that we have yet seen. At the same time we cannot recommend it to that large class of learners who, while eager to acquire foreign languages, declare themselves incapable of understanding grammar. On his first page Mr. Fasnacht exposes the fallacy of the theory that the language should be first learnt and the grammar afterwards—a system which usually results in the pupil knowing neither one nor other. Those, therefore, who prefer the parrot-like plan of learning by rote would do well to stick to the cumbrous method of Ollendorf. From his first page to his last Mr. Fasnacht appeals to the understanding of his pupils. He has found out that the highest kind of teaching is that which enables the learner to teach himself. In this spirit he has undertaken to simplify the task of rendering German into English. He sees that the great difficulty which the German language presents to foreigners lies in the construction. The intricate windings of a full-blown German sentence often stagger the advanced student. To the beginner they seem quite incomprehensible. But this bugbear must be looked straight in the face and not shirked, and this is just what Mr. Fasnacht would strengthen his pupils to do. His plan is to simplify difficulties, but not to evade them. Beginning with the simplest form of sentence, consisting of two words, a noun and a verb only, he adds link by link the other parts of speech with their attributes and complements, and finally joins on dependent clauses till the long chain of the complex sentence that so often trips up the inexperienced is complete. Not till each separate part of the machinery has been taken to pieces and explained by the use of numerous examples is the pupil

\* *Progressive German Reader*. By Eugene Fasnacht. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Lang's Series of Modern German Classics*. No. I.—*Meister Martin*. By E. T. A. Hoffman. II.—*Hans Lange*. By Paul Heyse. London: Bell & Sons.

allowed to set sail on the troubled waters of construing with the help of a dictionary alone. Even then his labours are lightened by the aid of an excellent, even if questionably necessary, vocabulary. Too often such a vocabulary is a hollow mockery. It contains all the words you know, and none of those you do not know. But here we have tried in vain to find the vocabulary fail us. The extracts are, many of them, the stock pieces of German Readers. Mr. Fasnacht prefers poetry to prose for beginners as being less involved. By a happy inspiration, instead of making up witless sentences by way of illustration, his examples are all German proverbs. Our only cause of quarrel with Mr. Fasnacht is that he has not always given the English equivalent of these proverbs correctly. "Frischgewagt ist halb gewonnen" is rather "Well begun is half done" than "Fortune favours the brave." We regret, too, to find that Mr. Fasnacht has adopted the new Prussian system of spelling which docks the *h* off at the end of syllables and words that one has written all one's life with *th*, such as *roth*, *Muth*, *Rath*, and so on. The *Progressive German Reader* will prove a boon both to teachers and taught, and we hope it will soon make its way into all enlightened class-rooms. We are glad to see that the author promises a more advanced Reader on the same lines.

The series of *Modern German Classics*, edited by Professor Lange, is intended to supply the much-felt want of suitable reading-books for English students of German who have passed through the preliminary stages of fables and anecdotes. Hitherto it has been too much the fashion to set the beginner, before he knows any grammar and while his vocabulary is of the most limited range, to struggle through *William Tell*, the *Thirty Years' War*, or some other masterpiece of Schiller or of Goethe, the beauties of which are quite lost upon him. His whole soul is bent on getting at the meaning of the words. This, without some piloting hand to guide him through the shoals and quicksands of a dictionary, he can seldom do, and his construing comes out sense or nonsense according to the amount of mother-wit he is blessed with. To introduce to the English reader some of the favourite German authors who have flourished since Schiller and Goethe is the end Professor Lange proposes to himself in editing this series. It leads off with Hoffman's *Meister Martin*, which is not one of his fantasy pieces, but merely an exceedingly well-written story of burgher life in that most typical of mediæval cities, Nuremberg, in the sixteenth century. The *Meistersinger* of Wagner has made the city and citizens familiar to all opera-goers. *Meister Martin* is a little later in date, for death has silenced the satires of Hans Sachs. Still the craft-guilds are the leading powers in the civic life. The story opens on May 1, 1530, with the election of Master Martin to be syndic of the Coopers' Guild. He has one daughter, Rosa, a beautiful maiden of eighteen, and his heiress. She has no lack of wooers of all degrees. A neighbouring noble, Count von Spangenberg, even condescends to come in person to ask her hand for his eldest son. But old Martin has sworn that none but a member of his own craft shall be his son-in-law. It is not so much pride in his craft that has driven him to this resolve as an ambiguous prophecy uttered by his great-grandmother on the day of Rosa's christening, which he interprets to mean that her whole chance of happiness hangs on her marrying a cooper. Three journeymen present themselves suing for work at Martin's door. He takes all three into his service. Of course they are no *bond fide* craftsmen. One is a painter, another an artist in metal-work, and a third the rejected Junker in disguise. How each betrays his real calling, and the way in which one of them wins the hand of the maiden and yet fulfils the prophecy, is well worked out, and told with some touches of genuine humour. Besides the interest of the plot, the pure and simple style and the faithful picture of middle-class mediæval life make the story admirably suited for use as an advanced reading-book.

The next author chosen, Paul Heyse, is better known in England through his prose tales than from his plays. *Hans Lange* is an historical drama. The scene is laid in Pomerania in the end of the fifteenth century. The story turns on the fortunes of a young Prince. His father, the reigning Duke, is absent at the wars. His mother nominally governs, but is really governed herself by the Chamberlain, a worthless favourite, whose scheme it is to make the boy seem a hopeless scapegrace and to magnify his boyish escapades into crimes. To get him out of the way, the young Prince Bugslaf is sent to live with the peasant Hans Lange in the depths of Hinter-Pommern. But what was intended to be the ruin proves the saving of him, for this Hans Lange, the real hero of the piece, shows him that real nobility of character may be found in the peasant's cottage as well as in the court or camp, and makes him fit to govern his people by teaching him how to govern himself. How the young Prince, thanks to Lange, defeats the plots of the favourite and succeeds his father in the dukedom we leave readers to find out for themselves. It is a spirited piece, with plenty of action and some humour. The characters are well sustained, and the dramatic form is very well adapted for familiarizing the students with colloquial German. We hope the series may meet with such appreciation as to encourage the editors in the good work they have undertaken of placing little-known gems of German literature within the reach of English students.

## THE PARADISO OF DANTE.\*

IN editing the *Paradiso* of Dante Mr. Butler has well followed out the design of completing an English edition of the *Divina Commedia* with a literal prose translation, which was begun by the late Dr. Carlyle, whose *Inferno* was published in 1859. Mr. Butler's edition of the *Purgatorio*, it may be remembered, appeared in 1880, and received at the time the recognition which was justly due to a work executed with scholarship and ability. His *Paradiso* is certainly not less worthy of attention than its predecessor, and, so far as regards the English version, which accompanies, or rather precedes, the Italian text, it is much superior to it. It may be read with pleasure by those who do not aim at making acquaintance with the original, and may be also most usefully consulted by students who turn to it as a trustworthy guide towards ascertaining the precise meaning of the Italian. No one executing a literal prose translation of a great poem would think of claiming that he had

Coin'd into English gold, some treasure of classical song.

It is worthy of no small commendation to have without loss converted foreign notes into British currency. This is no easy task, and has been, generally, well and faithfully done. There occur, however, some few instances in which the translation ceases to be exact, and this without any excuse to warrant it. Why should *figliol deliro* be expanded into "a son whose reason wanders"? "The sun, which once scalded my breast with love," is not a happy rendering of

Quel Sol, che pria d'amor m' scaldò il petto.

Neither can "beastliness" be accepted as quite the best word for *bestialitate* in Canto 17, v. 67. Longfellow has "bestiality," but surely the right meaning here is "stupidity," although no doubt the term is technical, and corresponds with the Aristotelian *θῆρῆς*, covering the whole array of crimes and vices which are punished in one of the three great divisions of the *Inferno*, and most translators appear to have thought it right to keep in touch with this.

The editing of the text and the notes supplied by Mr. Butler are admirable specimens of good work, and surpass all that has been done for Dante in England except Mr. Butler's own previous labours. Great pains must have been taken in selecting and quoting the passages from Aristotle's works and from the *Summa Theologiae*, which may be assumed to have suggested to Dante so many of the theological and philosophical passages which abound in the *Purgatorio* and still more in the *Paradiso*. For, indeed, the last is in many parts as much a poem devoted to the exposition of the tenets of the Scholastic theology as the great work of Lucretius is one in which are developed the doctrines of the Epicurean philosophy. Both poets rise with the lofty and difficult themes upon which they employ their powers of description. With the author of the *De rerum natura* the knowledge of the system which is expounded in it depends to a very great extent on the account given of it in that poem. With Dante it is different. The *Summa Theologiae* exists to show from what source the poet of the *Paradiso* chiefly and immediately drew his theology, and it is a matter of vast interest to have indicated the particular passages from the Angelic Doctor which can be identified with the corresponding ones in the Third Part of the *Divina Commedia*. Mr. Butler dwells in his preface on the transcendent intellectual position occupied by Aquinas, asserting, with truth, that between Aristotle and Bacon it would be hard to name any thinker who was his equal in amount of knowledge and force of reasoning. He admits that he and his fellows in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries spent their time in efforts to solve the insoluble, and asks whether six centuries hence Mr. Herbert Spencer's cast will seem to be very far beyond the mark of St. Thomas.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Butler has been wise in abstaining from translating his Greek and Latin quotations, giving as his reason that those for whom they are intended will probably prefer them in that form, while others would equally skip them if they were translated. For whom were they intended if not for all students of Dante? and some of them it is not unkind to suppose may not be Latin scholars, and still more of them may not be learned in Greek, or, if they once knew it, may have to some extent forgotten it. Attention is also called to the fact that both Dante and Aquinas only knew their Aristotle in a Latin version. Would it not, therefore, have been better to quote him in the mediæval Latin which was for the time almost a second Vulgate, rather than to say that the translation used by them was sufficiently accurate to make it possible now to follow the poet and the great scholastic divine in the original Greek?

Mr. Butler acknowledges his obligations to some recent commentators, and especially to Scartazzini and Lubin. He complains with reason of the excessive copiousness of the former's notes, which detracts from the convenience of using them. Lubin's edition of the *Divina Commedia*, published at Padua in 1881, is less known in England than it deserves to be, as it contains a complete but well-arranged mass of information on all necessary points, together with a judicious commentary and a good prose version in Italian side by side with the text. It is in one

\* The *Paradise of Dante Alighieri*. Edited, with Translation and Notes, by Arthur John Butler, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London.

Dante's *Paradiso*. Translated into Greek Verse by Musurus Pasha, D.C.L. London.



volume, and may be recommended as, on the whole, the best edition of Dante which has yet appeared. Mr. Butler has again made use of some portions of the Commentary of Benvenuto of Imola, as quoted in a manuscript belonging to the University of Cambridge. It is satisfactory to know that the whole of this most valuable early commentary, in the original Latin, is now in print, and that before long it may be expected to be made generally accessible.

Mr. Butler notices that the names Iphigenia and Agabito ('Αγάνθη), which occur in Canto 5, v. 70 and Canto 6, v. 16, must be pronounced according to accent, and not to quantity, in order to make them take their proper places in Dante's metre. This might possibly be of some value in determining what was the pronunciation of Greek in Italy in his time. But it has also to be remembered that in the *Inferno* the names *Ægina* and *Arethusa* must be read according to their usual pronunciation. A point of nice discrimination and research is made in Canto 6, v. 91, where the true meaning is suggested of the word "*replico*," as belonging to the technical phraseology of Roman law and as coming from the mouth of Justinian. In the notes are to be found many similar novelties, and interesting deviations from the well-beaten track of preceding commentators, who have generally followed each other like a flock of sheep.

Musurus Pasha has also finished his great undertaking of translating the whole of the *Divina Commedia* into Greek verse in a line-for-line version, by the publication of his *Παράδεισος*. In his preface the late Ambassador to the Court of St. James's expresses his sense of the increased difficulties which he has had to encounter, and his determination to grapple with them—*ὅτι ὅσα δεινότερα καὶ μᾶλλον δυσνόητος ἐστὶν ἡ ποιητὴς ἐν τῷ Ἀσμάτι τοῦτω, τοσούτω μείζονα ἐποίησεν σπουδὴν*. The grandeur and tenderness of the lofty strains of the *Paradiso*, and the ever-soaring beauty of the poetry as it deals with higher and higher themes, have been very thoroughly appreciated. A reason is assigned for not having adopted the title of the *Divine Comedy* for the translation of the whole poem. It would have stood in Greek as the *Θεῖα Κομωδία*. Divine it must always be considered; but that epithet cannot well be joined with a word which is so entirely appropriated to and associated with another and an unsuitable signification in Greek. Musurus Pasha has, therefore, preferred to use only the names of the three several portions of the great work of Dante. But if a single title were to be employed to include the whole poem, he would suggest that of *Θεοδίκεια*; and the appropriate excellence of the word for this purpose would seem amply to justify its mintage for the occasion.

Upon the appearance of the translation of the *Inferno* by Musurus Pasha in 1882 it was duly noticed in these columns, and an account was then given of the metre employed, and of the pronunciation and accentuation to be observed in reading it. The excellence of the work done has been maintained in the translation subsequently published of the *Purgatorio*, and in the rendering of the *Paradiso*. Indeed, Musurus Pasha is much to be congratulated upon having brought his work to so good a conclusion, pursuing, as he must have done, his own literary tastes, in the scanty leisure which remained to him while in the full performance of the arduous diplomatic duties from which he has only recently been released, after an unusually long term of office. While these lasted he is more likely to have found himself in the *Inferno* or in *Purgatory* than in *Paradise*. The goodwill, however, which he has won from all who knew him in England, and his own consciousness of having amply deserved it, and of having discharged his public functions as well as followed the chosen pursuit of his private hours with the utmost credit and ability, should be enough now to place him in it. Wherever he may elect to spend his future life, it may be hoped that he will continue his Italian studies, and that he will make an equally good use of the increased time at his own disposal, which, if he so pleases, may now be largely devoted to literature.

#### THE LIGHT OF ASIA AND THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.\*

IT has been a matter of surprise to us how it has come to pass that Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*, has taken the place it has in the Buddhistic literature of the day. As a poem it is marked by a wonderful flow of language and luxuriance of metaphor; but as an exegesis of Buddhist doctrine, or as a representation of the circumstances of the Buddha's mission, it is of a decidedly misleading character. And yet the publishers of the book speak, in language almost denoting their own astonishment, of the "many editions of the work published in this country and in America, of the many translations made into European and Eastern languages, and the notices so enthusiastically favourable received from all parts of the world." As we just now said, we do not dispute the beauty, or rather richness, of Mr. Arnold's poetry; but we are bound to say that the people "in all parts of the world" who have shown such enthusiasm in noticing the book, if their enthusiasm results from the new light supposed to be shed upon the Buddhist doctrine in the pages of this poem, are deluded.

So much we say, not at all in disparagement of Mr. Arnold's successful publication, but in vindication of true Buddhist doctrine and the founder of the system.

But then, on the other hand, it is equally remarkable that

\* *The Light of Asia and the Light of the World*. By S. H. Kellogg, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Dr. Kellogg, the apologist for Christianity against Buddhism, did not see at once his mistake in selecting Mr. Arnold's book as a typical embodiment of the religious doctrine he denounces.

Pleasing poetry and redundant metaphor, with a torrent of passionate words, do not generally call forth an Apologetic treatise of the sort before us in this book. We all allow a degree of license to the poet's inspiration, which forbids too close an analysis. Why, then, should Dr. Kellogg have thought it worth his while to publish just upon four hundred pages of closely-printed matter for the sake of proving to those persons "who would be repelled by any formal, drily philosophical treatise upon Buddhism," but who are attracted by pretty poetry, the truth of Christianity? Surely the game is not worth the candle. Dr. Kellogg, however, has not confined his attention to Mr. Arnold. To show his orthodoxy, he has dealt blows and knocks all round. And in doing so he has again shown a want of judgment. To write down the exaggerated language of a poem is one thing; to take up the cudgels against learned professors is another. In short, we think that Dr. Kellogg, if he felt himself equal to the task, would have done better to have chosen the *Buddha-Legende und das Leben Jesu*, for example, by Professor Seydel, and set himself to demolish that. But our author does not seem to have heard of this book, or he wisely avoids allusion to it.

The sum and substance of this defence of Christianity against "the impotence" of Buddhism lies in a nutshell. Dr. Kellogg takes for granted that all the non-Christian systems are false and full of darkness; and that Buddhism in particular is in open and unqualified contradiction in all essential matters to the teaching of Christ; *ergo*, if a man follows the Buddha, he will be lost—i.e. eternally lost. We used to read opinions or assertions of this sort in old days; but we thought the times had changed. We thought that it had dawned at last upon men's minds that there are things true and just and pure and lovely even among the arid wastes of heathenism, and that we might venture to think even of these things. But Dr. Kellogg drowns the lesser in the greater light, and calls it darkness. We confess we have no sympathy with such an apologist; Justin Martyr might have shown him a better way.

We cannot regret too much Dr. Kellogg's rashness (for we should have liked good argument in preference to bold assertion) in challenging the pre-Christian existence of the Buddhist legend. After misquoting Mr. Beal, he says (p. 158):—"No one has yet proved that a single feature in the Buddha legend which could possibly suggest a dependence of the Gospel on that legend dates from a period earlier than several centuries after Christ." We do not quite understand what the "dependence of the Gospel on that legend" means; but, if Dr. Kellogg denies the existence of the Buddhist *saga* in times before Christ, we can assure him he is mistaken. Has he not read M. Sénart's *La légende du Buddha*? and does not this writer say that it is positively demonstrable that the formation of the legend was anterior to the Christian era (p. 537 *op. cit.*)? Then, again, what about those Indian sculptures at Bhârut and Sanchi, which Dr. Kellogg trips by so lightly? Have we not here plain evidence that the supernatural incarnation of the Buddha, his early life in the palace, his excursions, his flight from the city, his enlightenment, his temptation, his preaching, &c., were all perfectly known at the time of the erection of one or other of those tope? And is Dr. Kellogg prepared to dispute with General Cunningham or with Mr. Fergusson the date of their building?

But it is really too late in the day to enter on an argument of this kind. Surely the writer of this apology might have looked into the *Life of Buddha* by Asvaghosha, who lived in the first century of our era, and found there the legend in all its completeness; or, at any rate, he might have given us some reason for disbelieving the almost universally accepted account of the life of Buddha brought to China A.D. 72, which, as has been shown (Vol. XIX., *Sacred Books of the East*, Introduction), contained all the legendary details above named—but about all this, in the presence of his own challenge, he says nothing.

It is impossible, in the space allotted to us, to enter on the question of what Dr. Kellogg calls "the integrity of the Gospel" (p. 158). He seems to think it almost wicked to suppose that any knowledge of the Buddha legend could have extended beyond the confines of India towards Palestine. But we would simply remind him that the historical connexion between North India and Syria is placed beyond reasonable doubt by the fact that the town in which Nāgasēna held his discussion with Menander (namely, the city of Sāgala on the bank of the Rāvi) some hundred and forty years B.C. was called a Yavana, or Greek, territory; and this is explained in the Chinese version of the life of Nāgasēna by saying that Sāgala was the capital of Ta-Tsin—i.e. the Empire of Syria, or of the Græco-Syrian Empire established by the followers of Seleucus on the hither and thither borders of the Indian Caucasus. It is not at all likely that this celebrated discussion of the Buddhist Bhikshu and the Yavana King, who was born at Alasadda, 1,400 miles from Sāgala, should have been unknown beyond the limits of India. We know that it was translated into Pāli, and it is impossible not to believe that some knowledge of it was carried by the Yavana nobles who attended on the occasion, to other parts of the Greek—i.e. Syrian Empire. Why not, then, to Antioch and other places bordering on Palestine? It will be replied there is no proof of it. No! there is no proof; but there are so many probabilities derived from this and other considerations, that the argument "from silence" is of little weight. But in any case, even if we had proof positive that the whole

Buddhist legend was known familiarly throughout Western Asia, why need we call in question the integrity of the Gospel? Are there no instances in the Old Testament of the presence of Egyptian and Assyrian and Persian influences? Such, at least, is the common belief. But how does this interfere with the integrity of the Mosaic dispensation? In fact, an honest believer in the Gospel history is not afraid to face any possible new relation of facts brought to light by new investigations; and we venture to think it is unworthy of any scholar to stand in fear of such new discoveries.

Amidst much that is good and useful, Dr. Kellogg makes one or two mistakes as to facts. On p. 158 of his work he refers to the blessing of the infant Bodhisat by Asita, as though the sculpture of which he speaks were found on a Buddhist tope; it is really found at Ajantā. Then, again, he has omitted in his "careful count" of the stories found among the Sanchi sculptures (about which in relation to the Gospel history Mr. Beal said absolutely nothing) the "Temptation" scene (*vide* p. 221 n. of *The Romantic History*).

On p. 106 of his work Dr. Kellogg disputes the correctness of Mr. E. de Bunsen's explanation of the term *Tathāgata*. That writer had adopted the rendering given by others, and made the term equivalent to the "Coming One." Dr. Kellogg quotes a number of writers about this matter; but, in fact, Mr. de Bunsen has very good authority for his version. The expression for *Tathāgata* in Chinese is *Ju-lai*, and Mr. Medhurst in his *Chinese Dictionary* (a work of the highest authority) translates this phrase by "the Coming" (*sub* *voc.* "Ju").

Again, Dr. Kellogg finds fault with the statement that in some original accounts the expression "the holy spirit" is used in connexion with the incarnation of Buddha. But nothing is more true than this statement; it is found, not once, but frequently, in the Chinese version of the Buddhist legend. It is easily explained, but nevertheless it is so found.

There are several other misconstructions or omissions to be met with in the pages of this book. Especially must we revert to the statement already made that Dr. Kellogg, though quoting Dr. Seydel's first book, the *Evangelium*, &c., has either not seen, or does not refer to, that writer's second and more important book, the *Buddha-Legende und das Leben Jesu*; this book was published in 1884. Whether the writer's theory, that some Buddhist poet wandered from the East to Alexandria or Antioch or Ephesus, and there suggested to a Christian writer the framework in which the life of Christ might be written—whether this theory is capable of support or not we do not stay to consider; but yet it is deserving of consideration. Dr. Seydel's *canon*, moreover, in his comparison of the frequency of parallels in the Gospel history and the Life of Buddha should not be passed over by an apologist for the independent and supernatural origin of the Gospel narrative; it will be found on p. 16 of his work:—"Die Wahrscheinlichkeit der selbständigen Entstehung nimmt ab im Verhältnisse der steigenden Specialität der Aehnlichkeiten und der steigenden Häufigkeit solcher Specialität." ("The probability of the independent origin diminishes in proportion to the increasing speciality of the resemblances and the increasing frequency of such specialities.")

In conclusion, we regret that space does not permit further comment on the contents of this book; if it had been executed in a less ambitious spirit and with more original research, it would have answered a good purpose.

#### THE BERKELEY MANUSCRIPTS.\*

NEXT in importance to the lords of sixty thousand acres are the broad acres themselves, and with this impression John Smyth of Nibley, having in previous folios abundantly treated of the line of chiefs from whose castle moat the circling hundred of Berkeley spreads, affords a more minute survey of a section of an English county than has even yet, perhaps, in its kind been presented, and his account is not the less novel in being two hundred and fifty years old. Not that in this long-delayed issue of his diligent investigations we discover a topographical classic worthy to take rank with White's *Natural History of Selborne*, for Smyth's researches were not among the nests and mansionry of screaming owls and temple-haunting martlets, but into musty State records and old family documents; while, instead of rambles into the forest to find tongues in trees or a new species of willow-wren or lizard or fungus, he went into the village or on to the common to pick up old sayings, proverbs, and stories from the gossips, or to countenance anti-puritanic games and festivals, like church-ales, wrestlings, dancings, and wakes, among good mother-Church peasantry.

And the downes or hilly playnes of Stintescombe, Westridge, Tickrudge, and others in the hilly or Cotteswold part doe witness the inbred delight that both gentry, yeomanry, rascallity, boyes, and children doe take in a game called stoball. The play whereat each child of 12 years old, can (I suppose) as well describe as myselfe: And not a sonne of mine but at 7 was furnished with his donball stoball staves, and a gamester thereafter.—P. 10.

Here and in many similar instances the editor might have supplied a note of explanation. Though the simple reader may not

\* *The Berkeley Manuscripts: a Description of the Hundred of Berkeley, in the County of Gloucester, and of its Inhabitants.* By John Smyth of Nibley. Edited by Sir John Maclean, F.S.A., for the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society. Gloucester: John Bellows.

infer "stoball" to be a misprint for "snowball," he might not have Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes* at his elbow to inform him that stoball was a popular recreation before the days of the Commonwealth, and something like golf. With the "severe and rigid Catoes" who objected to the King's *Book of Sports*, John Smyth had no patience; and in evidence of his dislike to their sour Puritanism, which involved the abolition of Church festivals and holidays, he says that he has made it a practice throughout his notices of the various parishes to express to what saint each church was dedicated and the feast kept. He likewise joins with Mr. Carewe in his *Survey of Cornwall*, and with "Mr. Burton's Booke of Melancholy," to "subscribe to the King's declaration: and like well in this my decrepit age, to walke in somer-time, on Sundaeis after Eveninge Prayers, with my wife to Hodley's Green between our two houses, and there to behold my neighbours' children and servants, with yours and mine owne" (he is addressing his son) "to runne at Barley-breakes, dance in a ringe, and such like sports as they like best."

Horatius was not prouder of his country and his country's gods than was Smyth of the barons of Berkeley Towers and their tributary province. The Berkeleys were the high gods of Gloucestershire, and men could swear by no greater. "Hee is an hughy proud man, hee thinks himself as great as my lord Berkeley," is one of the "proverbs peculiar to this hundred," and "our simple honesties," adds the obsequious land steward, "knew not a greater to make comparison by when this proverb arose." It was a distinction to dwell within the sphere of the Castle influence, and "we hundreders" is a sort of tribal phrase that appears at every turn of the book. Not but that the arrogant assumptions of his lords were sometimes too much for their adulatory officer himself. For instance, in the fourth year of Edward I., the itinerant justices, while sitting at Gloucester, had to consider a demand of Maurice, Lord Berkeley, to have the return and execution of writs throughout his hundred, together with "the rating of the assize of bread and ale, gallows for the execution of thieves, and the like," pretensions for which Smyth can find no authority for the exercise of in the case of any of Maurice's progenitors nor of his descendants down to his great-grandchild Thomas, Lord Berkeley, in 4 Edward III. But, whatever could illustrate the sway of these baronial chiefs—whether genealogical, biographical, ecclesiastical, topographical, or philological—was fondly sought out by the enthusiastic steward of their demesne and faithfully recorded. Consequently a wearisome amount of profitless items found entry in his papers, and are here so exactly reproduced that many of the quarto pages consist of a few obscure names of tenantry only. Some of his citations of Gloucestershire proverbs, of which he collected a hundred, are, even in these days of unveiling of social improprieties, too gross to reprint in our notice, and moreover, like most coarse adages, they are dull and pointless. With the scandalous saying that "all the maids in Wanswell" (one of the Berkeley manors) "may dance in a nutshell," Smyth is reasonably hurt, and declares that, however it might have been in the past, it is "a lying proverb at this day, it slandereth some of my kindred that dwell there." "All is well save that the worst piece is in the midst," is a proverb of which the application does not perhaps immediately strike one, and therefore it is thus caustically expounded:—"Noe speech more true when the taylor first puts on our wives new gownes." Another in nullo against the felicity of married union is furnished in the boorish saw:—"If once againe I were Jacke Tomson or John Tomson, I would never after be goodman Tomson while I lived," which, however, explains the successive steps of superiority in personal address among clodpoles. Tomson was saluted as "Jacke" till sixteen, and "John" until he married at twenty-four, when he became "goodman," the equivalent to our "mister." He was "the only joyvall and frolicke younge man at merry meetings and maypoles in all Beverston, where he dwelled: after his maryage (humors at home not well settling between him and his wife) hee lost his mirth and began to droope," the despondent utterance attached to him as a proverb being of course the consequence. Though many of the phrases and proverbs here collected are as rude and beastly as they are devoid of epigrammatic keenness, they may be of service to the Philological Society in the way of dialectic illustration, for they unquestionably belong to the soil which honest Smyth trod with such self-interested fondness. The fortunate steward, we may explain by the way, was a native of Lincolnshire, but his engagement with the Berkeleys led him to fix his comfortable dwelling in the Cotteswold Weald, in whose "sweet and salutary aire," he says, "the mercifull goodnes of almighty God hath cast my lot beyond all my hope or desires." Mistress Smyth was a "hunderer" (or hundredess), a fact that is found connected with one of her sayings as quoted by her husband:—"He is as mild as an hornet" was a proverb as frequent with my wife, who was a true Cowleian, as chiding with her maides." Besides the distinction of being the birthplace of Mistress Smyth, Cowley, we may add, was one of the most remarkable parishes in this most favoured of hundreds. With its wealth of internal resources it might have laughed a perennial siege to scorn, for "if it were inclosed from all other society and comerce of men, it would abundantly suffice for the sustentacion and well being of the inhabitants, without supply from other places that the minde of man could necessarily desire." Whether, without the visits of Autolycus, the mind of woman would be equally satisfied may be left a question.

Smyth was three years younger than Shakespeare, and outlived him a quarter of a century, yet he never mentions his name, nor



Marlowe's, though he might have aptly illustrated the actions of some of his masters by reference to *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* (Part I.) of the one and to *Edward II.* of the other. He had evidently, however, some acquaintance with the earlier English poets, and is proud to think that "ourselves" (meaning "we hundreders") have helped by dialectic usage to retain the modulation of their verse in every-day language. "So natural," he says, "is the dialect of pronouncing the letter y between words ending and beginning with consonants that it seems droppings from the air into our mouths: as John y Smyth: John y Cole: sit y downe: I can y finde it: he has y milkt: come y hither: well y said my Tomy . . . with thousands the like, accomplishing ourselves by such manner of speech to bee true patriots and true preservers of the honored memory of our old forefathers, Gower, Chaucer, Lidgate, Robert de Glouc, and others of those and former ages."

Though Smyth, as we have hinted, had no turn for the study of what we now term "zoology," his touches on the physical character of the part of the shire he deals with are sometimes picturesque, and, though quaintly expressed, show a faculty of real observation. Here, for instance, is a passage of description which might have occurred in one of Fuller's racy notices of counties in his *Worthies of England*:—

And this hundred seemes soe evenly divided, by one part therof standinge high in the wolds, and the other in the vale at the foote of those hills, that it is not easily discerned whether of the two is the greater part: By reason of which situation, many hundreds, even thousands, of springs breake forth at the sydes, knees, and fete of those hills, begettinge divers delicate small Rivers, neither knowinge want of water in sommer, nor so increasinge their channell in winter, that the trade of clothings which here aboundeth is neither in drought nor wet wether hindred: a principall cause of the multitude of Tuckmills, and fullinge mills, which here abound.—P. 4.

He is much puzzled with finding certain petrifications "resembling cockles, periwinkles, oysters, and the like, of much curiosity and delight to looke upon and to consider of, which I rather thinke," he continues, "to bee the gamefull sports of nature, than with frascatorius, the great philosopher of this age, to have byn sometimes livinge creatures ingendred in the sea, and by the waters cast up in this and the like places, and soe to bee shell fishes stonified." We notice that in what professes to be a complete index of proper names this Frascatorius is omitted; but he is to be found in biographical dictionaries.

To the coming historian of Gloucestershire this book will be as indispensable as to the shelves of the families of the county who own a library. The execution has been performed in a manner befitting a work never intended to reach a second edition. The typography is an honour to the art, and the paper is no less excellent than the typography. The editor also has evidently performed his part with studious fidelity.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.\*

THERE can be no doubt that the late G. W. M. Reynolds was a person with a mission. He wrote the most tremendous English; his practice of the art of narrative is almost infantile in its innocent imperfectness; if he knew aught of life and character and history, he refrained, with a most constant heart, from parading his knowledge in any of his noble novels. But he was incontestably a man with a mission; and that mission was the exposure of a bloated and criminal aristocracy. Fearless was he—fearless in enterprise, indomitable in offence. While he lived, the upper classes had in him a critic of the most merciless habit, the most desperate and bloody-minded disposition. True it is that he imagined the most of his facts; but what surprising facts they are! True it is, too, that he habitually bore false witness, and testified with all his might to the truth of that which is not; but then, how colossal his invention, how sublime his effrontery, his purpose how relentless and how dark! He is (so to speak) the Titus Oates of fiction; and, like his illustrious prototype, he has rejoiced in the faith of multitudes. From his glowing page does that great creature, the Radical Working-Man, imbibe his hatred of dukes, his contempt for social distinctions, his noble longing to possess the property of his betters—in a word, all the beautiful democratic virtues which have made him a nuisance in the present and a terror in the future. From such annals of patrician vice as *The Mysteries of the Court of London*, such lurid revelations of high-bred iniquity as *The Seamstress* and *The Soldier's Wife*, does (or he is shamefully belied) the Educated Baboo derive that intimate acquaintance with soft society and that lofty independence of facts by which he is distinguished above the sons of men. Nor does the great romancer limit his flights to modern times, and keep his beak and talons for the punishment of the British aristocracy alone. In *Faust* he wheels, on mighty pens, as far back as the days of Lucrezia Borgia, on whom, in her double capacity of abandoned female and Pope's daughter, he does dreadful justice. In *The Rye House Plot* he scourges the sins of the infamous Charles II., the abominable Cleveland, the "sensual" and unprincipled Portsmouth. In *The Loves of the Harem* his talk is of the "gross and sensuous cravings" of high-born Turkish ladies, the bloody vengeance of their lords, the caiques, the scimitars, the corsairs—all the fripperies of the gorgeous East; while in *The Bronze Statue* he paints, in the liveliest possible

colours, the excesses of a midnight band of aristocratic and clerical Bohemians, contemporaries of the celebrated Huss. And in all these (and innumerable others) does he faithfully perform his service; in all these the Wicked Nobleman is brought to justice, and the honest poor man is exalted. They are difficult reading, save for those—the Educated Baboo, say, or the A-less Democrat—to whom the English tongue is known in anything like its native purity; and to aver that we could pass an examination in them were to dare in the manner of their author, and assert that which is not true. But to the student eager for information as to the manners and customs of the British Aristocracy, and the terms and temper in which our brother the Baboo and our friend and master the Radical Working-Man delight to have those manners and customs depicted, they may be confidently recommended. They are by the author of *The Seamstress* and *The Soldier's Wife*, and in these two masterpieces, summed up and closed in little, is all the man and most of the man's mission.

The second of these is also the less pleasing and important. It sets forth, with prodigious eloquence, the virtues and sufferings of one Frederick Lonsdale and of Lucy his spouse; with the crimes and iniquities of a number of persons moving in the upper circles, by means of which this interesting couple are finally *verdorben, gestorben*—divided and destroyed. The principal criminal is, not a duke, but merely the heir to a common baronetcy; but he can be, when occasion offers, and Reynolds insists, as wicked as the wickedest duke in all the range of penny fiction. Gerald Redburn is the monster's name; and of the hapless Lucy is the monster enamoured. But Lucy is the creation of Reynolds: she objects to baronets and all their works; and to the haughty scion of the Redburns she prefers the beautiful and gifted Frederick Lonsdale. Frederick is only a foundling; but he has a "fine form" and an "upright gait" in combination with a "manly walk" and an "intellectual countenance"; "his person is scrupulously clean"; he does not smoke—that is for the sons of baronets; he does not drink—that is also a vice peculiar to the high-born; and he can read and write and cast accounts; so that Lucy's choice is not without a certain plausibility. The respectable Frederick, however, is unpopular with his superiors; and when, by the operation of a vile intrigue, he is delivered over to a recruiting sergeant and carried off to a seven years' slavery, there is a horrid joy in Redburn Manor and its dependencies. After a certain time of trial at a dépôt where the soldiers, by the exercise of a monstrous piece of tyranny on the part of the officer in command, are deprived of the solace of a certain newspaper—"on account of its democratic opinions"—Frederick deserts to marry Lucy, disappears with her, and, "adopting the fictitious name of Mortimer," establishes "a school for boys of tender years," whom he "undertook" (such was his greatness of mind!) "to instruct in the rudiments of a plain education." While engaged in this heroic work he is apprehended as a deserter, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. Lucy intercedes for him with his Colonel. But that bold bad man demands (as British officers always do in these cases) the sacrifice of her honour as the price of his compassion; and, as Lucy is nothing if not virtuous, the hapless Frederick is seized up to the triangles and gets his five hundred, full tale. The drummers faint and cry; the soldiers cry and faint; but "not one of the officers exhibits the slightest emotion," while the wicked Colonel goes so far as to gallop up to the defaulting linesmen and "level the most brutal imprecations at their heads." Frederick, it is needless to say, deserts a second time, and is a second time brought back and flogged. After this he grows hardened, takes to smoking, takes to drinking, takes to beating his wife (who is all the while engaged in evading the solicitations of unprincipled officers), and finally takes to beating his captain—the aforesaid Gerald Redburn—whom he catches in the act of entrapping Lucy into one of those dens of infamy familiar to penny novelists and to at least one newspaper editor. For this, it is hardly necessary to remark, the unfortunate man is shot—when it is discovered that he is the illegitimate child of the Baronet's sister and the clergyman of the parish; still less need it be put on record that Lucy and her offspring both die of a broken heart, or a decline, or something equally appropriate and convenient. The lesson is terrible in its stern simplicity. If you enlist, says our author, you put yourself in the power of a set of devils called officers; if you desert, you are flogged almost to death; and if you have a pretty wife and strike your superior for insulting her, you will infallibly be butchered, and leave the partner of your joys to the mercies of a cold-hearted world and the improper attentions of a number of remorseless captains and colonels. The best is, therefore, to read a newspaper with democratic opinions, and have nothing to do with the British Army.

It is in *The Seamstress*, however, that our author's genius is seen at its best and brightest. The hero is a virtuous Marquis, the heroine a pure and lovely mantua-maker, who is no other than the illegitimate offspring of the Marquis's stepmother, the magnificent, the imperious, the splendid Duchess of Belmont; while the villainy of the intrigue is pretty equally divided between the Duke of Belmont and a certain wicked lawyer, one Collinson. The Marquis of Arden (such is the youth's most innocent title) has the luck to save Virginia Mordaunt (such is the sweet and noble name of the maiden) from what our author would call "the contact of a passing carriage." He becomes enamoured of her charms (which include, among others, "a countenance as beautiful as the utmost perfection of features could render it"; a "figure slightly formed, but full of sylphide grace"; eyes "full of sensibility, as if the holiest and

\* *Faust; and other Romances.* By G. W. M. Reynolds. London: Dick.

most melting light of heaven dwelt in their limpid depths"; and "feet and ankles small even to a fault"; and, as his soul is formed of the choicest materials, he not only wooes her (as Mr. Osmund) *pour le bon motif*, but pays off his mistress (always as Mr. Osmund), and lives the life of a reformed character. This idyllic feeling, however, does not long predominate in our narrative. Clementine, the Duchess's French maid, has looked upon the lovely Marquis with affection's eye. She betrays his love and eke his honourable intentions to the Duke, her master, and extorts from that embarrassed noble a promise that she, and she only, shall be Marchioness of Arden. Armed with this, she convinces Virginia of her lover's perfidy, and restores to the Duke of Belmont that peace of mind of which the strange, unhandsome conduct of his offspring had deprived him. Virginia disappears, and the Marquis is left as one distraught, which is all correct and proper enough. But when the amorous Clementine insists that Belmont shall keep his ducal oath, and marry her to the mourning Marquis without delay, that haughty being comes out in his true colours. Already have we seen him plunge a silver fruit-knife into the bosom of his Duchess (provoked thereto by discovering that lady in the grasp of Another, whom, in his own conservatory, she is "straining convulsively in her arms," while her bosom "heaves and sinks convulsively" with the agitation natural in such a moment); and we are prepared to expect great things of the man who can almost do murder with an implement which in the hands of ordinary human beings is not always equal to the dissection of an apple. These anticipations are more than realized. The Duke employs a bravo to deal with Clementine, and that ambitious young person is found dead in the park, in a splendid silk dress which, together with the Duchess's jewel-case, she had priggled at Belmont's instigation. If we add that this ornament of the peerage has already allowed another man to be convicted of his feat with the fruit-knife, that he has attempted to sell his lovely daughter to one of his own order for a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and that he is perfectly willing to part with her or her sister for the same sum to Collinson, the wicked attorney, his portrait will be complete. The end is easily foreseen. Virginia, after enduring incredible hardships, dies of consumption; the Duke, a prey to impecuniosity and terror and remorse, commits suicide; the Duchess, after confessing to the Marquis (who calls her "mother-in-law" all through the interview) that she is Virginia's mamma, and fainting in her own front hall when she is told of His Grace's disappearance, takes to her bed, and in three days is a corpse; while the Marquis and Collinson fight a duel in the library at Belmont House, and perish on the spot, the one by a bullet in the brain, the other by a bullet in the heart. This "strange and romantic gush of incidents" would appal the bravest. Well may our author exclaim, as he hurries to his consummation, that "the British Aristocracy, male and female, is the most loathsomely corrupt, demoralized, and profligate class of persons that ever scandalized a country." "Thousands," he passionately continues—"thousands of titled persons are notoriously the vilest cheats at cards and the most systematic sharpers in existence"; while as for "the females" of the aforesaid B. A., innumerable "exposures" have shown how "the heartless demireps can desert their innocent babes without a pang, and fly from their husbands without a remorse, to fling themselves into the arms of their paramours." Is it any marvel if the Radical Working-Man is a Radical? if the Educated Baboo thinks lightly of English honour and English virtue? It is notorious that all Tories are liars; Mr. Bright has said so often, and so has Mr. Chamberlain. But what a fearful and a wonderful thing is the truth as told by a professional Democrat! And who, when he hears it—who but would lie with the other side?

We might dwell on some of our author's descriptions of female beauty—and especially that of that "splendid woman," the Duchess of Belmont, with her "meridian charms," her "lips resembling moist coral," her "proudly arching neck," her "sloping shoulders," her "proportionately fine and flowing length of limb," and her "look of strong sensuality." But it will be more profitable to note that Reynolds is sometimes right in his facts: as when he remarks that "the notorious Beau Fielding, as well known for his depravity and licentiousness as for his good looks and elegance of apparel," must on no account be "confounded with the author of *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, and other popular novels," inasmuch as "this eminent literary character flourished in a later age." One can imagine the bold Baboo *aux prises* with so startling a correction; the noble Radical exulting as he reads in the proud consciousness of scholarship. It is enough, and more than enough, to make them swallow forty such heroes as the unfortunate Frederick Lonsdale and forty such heroines as the ill-starred Duchess of Belmont.

#### DR. VON HOLST ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.\*

COMPARISONS are odious and superlatives perilous. There may be German treatises on problems of history and historical philosophy more full of historical misrepresentation and unphilosophic violence, more confused, clumsy, and intemperate than that before us; there may be translations more completely uniting all the vices a translation can have and aggravating all the faults and flaws of the original. It would be rash to set bounds to the

possibilities of laborious literary incapacity and ambition. We must be understood, therefore, as testifying only to the best of our own belief and recollection, within the lines of thirty years' critical labour and a tolerably extensive study of American literature, borrowed and native, political and general. Within these bounds this is unquestionably the very worst work of its size, the most disappointing with so much information, the worst conceived, the worst executed, and the most utterly unreadable that we have ever encountered. To read through the five huge closely-printed royal octavo volumes is a penance heavy enough for the sins, conscious and unconscious, voluntary and involuntary, of a long professional career. Only the most ill-treated and most vindictive of authors could desire to treble it by calling upon the critic to compare the innumerable faults and absurdities of the original and the American version in order fairly to apportion the responsibility between Dr. von Holst and Mr. Lalor. Both have contributed in their several spheres and to the utmost of their several capacities to earn for the book the signal distinction to which it is undoubtedly entitled. The Freiburg Professor has chosen to give us, instead of a history, a passionate party pamphlet of some three thousand pages. To him we must ascribe the choice terminology, the lavish and utterly unsparing invective, the coarse and constant imputation of the worst and lowest motives to men of all parties, the fanatical Abolitionists alone excepted; the intolerable length and prolixity of comments, moral and constitutional, unnecessary or irrelevant, obvious or far-fetched, the omission of which alone would suffice to bring the work within comparatively moderate dimensions. The translator is, we presume, answerable for the worst punctuation, the most slovenly diction, the most illogical and ungrammatical arrangement of words and clauses that ever made the reading even of an American book a task equally trying to brain and eyes. The credit of the double and triple negatives, the irritating repetition of particular words and phrases, the entangled constructions, in which the sense is constantly obscured and often lost, and of the innumerable instances in which the book says exactly the reverse of what it meant to say, can hardly belong to the author of the *Life of Calhoun* in the series of *American Statesmen*. In the last-mentioned peculiarity the work is simply without parallel. Arrangements and constructions by which the strict grammatical interpretation of a sentence contradicts its obvious intention are the commonest characteristics of careless or clumsy writing. But in Dr. von Holst's *Constitutional History* trifles like these would hardly provoke notice. Sentence after sentence obliges us to read it twice and thrice in order to find out what the author or the translator intended to say. Again and again the context, or our own knowledge of the times, men, and parties, assures us that the only sense the words will bear is the exact reverse of that intended; for instance, "Calhoun opposed" means that "Calhoun insisted on." In this and other cases, while tolerably sure of the truth, we remain uncertain whether the blemish were one of ignorance or expression, till some pages later we come upon a direct contradiction or unconscious correction. For one of these blunders thus brought to light half a dozen probably have escaped our notice. It is obvious that such errors render the work dangerous and misleading in the last degree to the reader not previously familiar with the subject. Fortunately no ordinary reader will get through a hundred pages, or retain any distinct idea of their general meaning. The student must be warned to rely on no single text or unsupported assertion; above all, to trust no summary of speech or document unverified by quotations which may show whether the writer has said what he meant or its exact opposite.

The two last published volumes deal in the main with the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, the reconstruction of parties upon a sectional line of demarcation, the Presidencies of Fillmore and Pierce, and the Presidential contest of 1856—the first in which North and South were clearly arrayed in geographical antagonism, in which the vote of Pennsylvania saved the Union, and that vote was determined by the selection of the Southern candidate. The temper and spirit are sufficiently indicated by two favourite words—terms of vulgar abuse employed as political definitions. The supporters of Douglas are generally called "Nebrascals," the States-rights party at the South are spoken of—as throughout the History—as the "Slavocrats," or Slavery. A German scholar might have devised a more grammatical and not less offensive epithet. We must allow, however, that the author has treated his chief subject with true German profundity, involving it in an obscurity and perplexity as deep as that in which German partisanship has enshrouded the story of Schleswig-Holstein. After reading Dr. von Holst's explanation, we are forced to doubt whether we or he, Senator Douglas or President Davis, knew anything about a question of which a few weeks back we could have given a clear and simple account. The Missouri Compromise of 1820 had excluded slavery from the Louisiana territory north of 36° 30'. The South had offered to extend this agreement—of which the admission of slavery south of that line was an essential understanding—to the Pacific; the North, snatching at California, refused this offer. The South considered that the compact had been broken in spirit, that it was unconstitutional in principle, and incompatible with the recent compromise of 1850. To the Missourians the question was one of life and death. A glance at the map will show that with Illinois and Iowa upon the east and north, and with Free-soil Territories or States on the west, neither peace nor slavery could have been preserved in Missouri. The South contended that the spirit of the Constitution en-

\* *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*. By Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. 1850-1856. London: Trübner & Co. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.



titled her either to an equal division or to equal rights in the common territory of the Union—a claim which, made on behalf of fifteen equal confederates, could be disputed only on the ground that slavery was either unconstitutional or immoral. Unconstitutional it certainly was not, as the Abolitionists themselves had admitted; it was not for one half of the Union to sit in judgment on the institutions of the other half. Douglas of Illinois endeavoured to avert a conflict by the ambiguous theory of "squatter sovereignty." The South accepted the doctrine as meaning that, when ready to form a State, the people of each organized Territory should frame their constitution, and admit or exclude slavery as they pleased; till then, slavery and freedom were equally entitled to the protection of the Federal Government, the admitted sovereign of the Territories.

Douglas claimed at last that the population of each organized Territory should at once decide the question for themselves; in defiance of all precedent and of the Territorial supremacy of Congress, never till then disputed. This strange doctrine prevailed, and threw Kansas as a prey to be scrambled for. The Free-soilers despatched armed bands of emigrants from the North, the Missourians retaliated in kind, and a ferocious civil war, in which both parties were equally lawless and equally savage, was the inevitable consequence. Dr. von Holst's narrative, true in most details, is false only in its general tenor. His comments are based on the assumption that the Territories belonged to the North and to freedom exclusively.

Of the dissolution of the Whig party, the sudden uprising and speedy disappearance of the Know-nothings or Native party, and the organization of the free-soil Republicans, this work, though, as we have said, a party pamphlet rather than a history, would assist a competent student to write a brief, clear account. We can only note that the new party was founded on an avowedly and exclusive Northern basis; no Southern State was invited to take part therein.

Unlike most writers of his party, Dr. von Holst gives in substance the famous speech which cost Mr. Sumner so dear. It is abusive, offensive, and wantonly insulting beyond precedent. Its language towards the South and slavery bears a close verbal and literal resemblance to the coarsest harangues ever delivered by apostate priests against Popery, insisting on the choice "scarlet" metaphor in which Exeter Hall especially delighted. No such speech could have been uttered by a gentleman in his sober senses or tolerated in any European Legislature. It closed with equally outrageous personal insults to Senator Butler, of South Carolina, one of the most honoured and revered veterans of the Senate. Butler was aged and absent; his nephew, Brooks, unable to catch Sumner outside, entered the Senate Chamber after the Session had closed and caned the offender upon the floor. Two points very new to English readers are admitted by Dr. von Holst. Brooks was a gentleman of stainless and chivalric reputation, who had lately said that he would never insult a man who on principle would not fight a duel. It did not follow that he should bear insult from one who sheltered himself under that plea. Again, Sumner was far the more powerful man. Brooks expected that the cane would be wrested from and used upon him; he preferred it to a horsewhip for that reason, holding, it seems, that caning would not and horsewhipping would oblige him to kill the inflictor. It is clear that there was no cowardice in the attack. If the offence had been given and the chastisement inflicted elsewhere, the social verdict of the age, in every country but England, would have been that of the Welsh jury in the leading case of Mr. Price (*Ingoldby Rep.*, p. 33). Brooks's friends contrived, however, to put him and themselves thoroughly in the wrong by ignoring the personal and applauding the resort to violence for the political insult; history will probably pronounce that there was as little of heroism on the one side as there was of martyrdom on the other.

#### RECORDS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICE.\*

IN the two volumes before us the Commissioners for the publication of the Diplomatic Records of France have made an excellent beginning of the work they propose to carry out. These volumes form parts of two separate series, to be devoted, one to the Letters of French Ambassadors accredited to foreign Courts, the other to collections of the Instructions furnished to Ambassadors and other Ministers, and each volume of this series will deal with a separate embassy. In the publication of the diplomatic correspondence, the system adopted by our own Record Office Commissioners is to be followed; and, accordingly, in the first volume now published the letters are given sometimes at full length and sometimes in a brief summary, with quotations in greater or less number as the case requires. The compilation of a volume of this nature demands considerable skill and good

\* *Inventaire Analytique des Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères: Correspondance Politique de MM. de Castillon et de Marillac, Ambassadeurs de France en Angleterre (1537-1542).* Publiée sous les auspices de la Commission des Archives Diplomatiques, par M. Jean Kaulek avec la collaboration de MM. Louis Farges et Germain Lefèvre-Pontalis. Paris: Félix Alcan.

*Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France depuis les Traités de Westphalie jusqu'à la Révolution Française.* Publié sous les auspices de la Commission des Archives Diplomatiques. Suite: avec une Introduction et des notes par A. Geffroy, membre de l'Institut. Paris: Félix Alcan.

judgment; and, admirable as the work of the editors of our own Calendars of State Papers undoubtedly is, the *Correspondance de MM. de Castillon et de Marillac* shows that the companion series now so happily started in France is not likely to fall behind it; indeed, M. Kaulek has produced, as we should expect a Frenchman would, a far more readable volume than any of our Calendars. The introduction to the *Correspondance* is short and to the purpose; a biographical notice is given of the two Ambassadors who represented the King of France at the Court of Henry VIII. from 1537 to 1542; and the condition of the relations between the two Powers at the date when each was sent over here and the peculiar work each had to do are concisely pointed out. English translations of a few of these letters have been published by Mr. J. A. Froude in the appendix to his edition of William Thomas's *Pilgrim*, and large extracts from some of them are also given in the footnotes to his *History of England*. Still, the bulk of them is now printed for the first time; and even those that are more or less familiar to the reader will be welcomed as they appear here in their own language and in their proper connexion. Castillon, who is often confused with Gaspard de Châtillon, the famous Admiral Coligny, had been ambassador in England in 1533; his second mission, described in these letters, had for its special object the establishment of a firm alliance between the two Courts. Henry was now a widower by the death of Jane Seymour, and a marriage with the Duchess of Milan would have drawn him to the side of the Emperor. Francis wished him to take a French bride; and Henry, hoping to break the alliance between France and Scotland, fixed his heart on Mme. de Longueville, who was promised to James V. The lady, who seems to have been attracted by the more splendid match, declared that she was not pledged to James; her father and Francis said she was. Henry was indignant at being refused for "ce belistre et foul roy d'Escoce," and demanded excuses. Castillon considered "que cette queue n'est pas de ce veau," an alliance between the two kingdoms would be of equal benefit to both, and there was no need of apologies. He suggested that the lady's younger sister would suit the King; he described her charms, and spoke in terms of extraordinary familiarity and coarseness. Whereat the King, who was on his way to mass, was greatly delighted, and smacked the Ambassador on the shoulder, "me faisant grand chère." In a curious interview related in a letter of August 12, 1538, Henry proposed that four young ladies of the houses of Vendôme, Lorraine, and Guise should be sent to Calais for him to pick from, an Ahasuerus-like proposal for which he was deservedly snubbed. Castillon had to encounter two great difficulties—Henry's vehement opposition to the proposed General Council, and his wish to act, instead of the Pope, as mediator between France and the Emperor. When the King boasted of the other Powers that would join him against the Council, the Ambassador answered, "Vous me nommez, Sire, beaucoup de gens, mais en tout ce, je ne voye qu'une bourse seule." The Protestant party in Europe relied on English subsidies. Henry's plan of mediation was that his daughter Mary should marry the Duke of Orleans and bring Milan to France as her dower, and he was terribly annoyed at the Treaty of Nice and the friendly meeting of Francis and Charles at Aigues-Mortes. Cromwell openly called the Emperor "Jehan Grippon le plus ingrat du monde"; and to all professions of friendship made by Cassillon, Henry only replied that they were "vieux propos et une vieille routine d'écriture, que les princes ont les uns avec les autres quand ils ne veulent rien spécifier."

The good understanding between Francis and the Emperor caused Henry considerable uneasiness, and Marillac, who was sent to England in 1539, was charged, while doing nothing to weaken the new alliance formed by France, to soothe the feelings of her old ally. The task was difficult—too difficult, indeed, for the Ambassador's skill. His letters contain a great deal about the domestic affairs of England. His description of Anne of Cleves and the "douze ou quinze damoiselles, encores inférieures en beaulté à leur maitresse," has been already printed by Mr. Froude. The gossip sent home by Marillac on July 21, 1540, as to the relations between the King and Catherine Howard scarcely tallies with the attempt to represent his fifth marriage as undertaken merely in compliance with the wish of the Council. Anne bore her fall with marvellous impassiveness; she came by invitation to visit her successor, and spent the afternoon with her, and the two ladies danced together and drank one to the other without any appearance of bitter feelings on either side. A full account is given of Catherine's evil deeds and of her death. The King had caressed her much and publicly, as his fashion was, but when he knew her guilt he thought only of himself; his rage and vexation on finding that he had been deceived almost drove him mad. He called for a sword, declaring that he would kill her; he wept openly, and then turned to railing and threats; "par foyz disoit hors de propos que ladite dame qu'il appelloit meschante et villayne, n'eust en sa vie tant de délectation en sa lubricité qu'elle auroit de peine et torment à sa mort." The shock to his self-love aged him, and about three months later Marillac remarks that he had become "fort vieil et gris depuis le malheur de ceste dernière roynne." Constant reports are made of the state of religious affairs. The Six Articles and the address of the King on the Sacrament were received with delight by the people, "beaucoup plus enclin à l'ancienne religion qu'aux nouvelles opinions qui sont soubtenuës seulement par aucuns évesques, qui sont peu contents de ce qu'on leur (sic) a escondiuz de leur requeste qu'ils avoient faict de pouvoir prendre femmes pour après réduire le bien de l'Eglise en patrimoine et succession." Although,

no doubt, Marillac was to some extent right in what he says here about the bishops, he was led astray by what was happening in Germany. No one dreamt of hereditary prince-bishops in England. Some interesting references are made to the affair of the English Bibles that were being printed in Paris. Francis refused to allow the work to proceed; if they were good, the Constable wrote, they could be printed in England as well as in France, and if they were evil, the King would not sanction them. On Marillac's arrival the country was expecting invasion, a scare was caused by the appearance of some of the Emperor's ships sailing down Channel from Flanders on their way to Algiers, and all through the Correspondence there are many interesting notices of the state of our navy and of our fortifications. Francis heard the news of the fall of Cromwell with delight, for he believed that he caused Henry to suspect him. At the same time, the means by which the Minister's condemnation was procured, and the executions of both Romanists and Protestants that followed it, drew from Marillac the indignant comment on the cruelty of the Government that Mr. Froude has printed in his History. On the same day—August 6, 1540—he wrote a still more important letter on the condition of our domestic affairs and on the character of the King. He declares that the Estates had entirely surrendered their authority to the Crown, that the nation had lost its liberty, that Parliament only existed "pour l'expédition des affaires de justice," and that the bishops taught the people not merely to pay the King due obedience, "mais en faire une vraie statue pour ydolâtres." The King, he says, is under the dominion of three vices—avarice, mistrust, and inconstancy; and he points out the effects they have had upon his conduct. The whole letter, which is a long one, is brilliantly written, and is of great value, as it contains the judgment of a man who personally was but little affected by what was going on around him. Various difficulties between the Courts take up a large part of the Ambassador's letters; these chiefly concerned mercantile affairs, demands for the extradition of conspirators—the case of Richard Hozier, calling himself "La Blanche Roze," is the most famous among these disputes—and piracy in the Channel. The renewal of war between France and the Emperor caused fresh efforts to be made on both sides to win the friendship of England, and the scheme of the marriage of Mary and the Duke of Orleans was renewed with apparent sincerity. Marillac sent home a minute and interesting account of the personal appearance, the intellectual attainments, the habits and the health of the Princess. His efforts were in vain; when his embassy closed we were at war with Scotland and on the eve of war with France, and he was detained here some time as a hostage for the safety of our ambassador Paget.

We have left ourselves little space to describe the volume of the *Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France*, which deals with the French embassy in Sweden. These Instructions present a perfect picture of the foreign policy of the French Court as far as it concerned Sweden from the Treaties of Westphalia to the Revolution, and, as each embassy is taken in turn, the whole diplomatic history of France will gradually be presented to us. In his Introduction to the volume before us the editor, M. Geffroy, gives a masterly sketch of the relations between the two countries, which, even if it stood alone, would form a remarkable contribution to historical literature. Without pretending to give an adequate idea of the value of this essay, we would observe that it contains two highly characteristic letters of Queen Christina on the murder of Monaldeschi, hitherto undeciphered, and would call especial attention to the remarks on the peculiar importance of the Swedish alliance, to the treatment of the difficulty arising from the victorious war of Charles X. against Poland, of the effect on Sweden of the part she took in the war between Louis XIV. and the Dutch, and the consequent change in the position she held towards France, which bore fruit in the "Association de la Haye," of the influence exercised on her policy by the affair of the Duchy of Deux-Ponts, and, lastly, of the work of Choiseul in forwarding the revolution of 1772. With the help of this Introduction it is easy to understand the exact aim of the different Instructions that follow. Several of them—as, for example, that furnished to De Croissy in 1715—contain a comprehensive survey of the state of Swedish affairs at home and abroad. Almost the last, written when the intimate connexion with France had been re-established by the restoration of the royal authority, points out in detail the relations of Sweden with every Power in Europe, and the dangers and corruption that still weakened her domestic administration. Besides an admirable table of chapters, this volume has an index of names. The analytical index given in the *Correspondance* should also be mentioned, for without running to any great length it contains exactly what the reader is likely to look for.

#### DAYLIGHT AT LAST.\*

NOT only have the United States apparently made up their minds to do justice to their own authors and to foreigners whose works seek denizenship across the Atlantic, but the promised land of a just and universal law of copyright is in sight at last; and it is at any rate possible that this generation may enter into it. Even the Board of Trade no longer hoists the

flag of an open enemy. But, although that department is shamed by the concurrent voice of civilized nations into sailing under the common ensign, it will probably put on no great stress of steam or canvas unless its more enterprising consort in Downing Street keeps it well up to the mark.

To this latter department the world of letters owes the satisfactory fact that Great Britain at the eleventh hour has been enabled to send delegates to represent her at the International Copyright Conference held at Berne last autumn. How ably those delegates acquitted themselves of the trust imposed upon them a perusal of the correspondence now before Parliament and the public will abundantly show.

On the 3rd of December, 1883, the President and Chancellor of the Swiss Confederation addressed a circular note to the Governments of all civilized nations, inviting them to take part in a Diplomatic Conference, with a view to protecting literary and artistic property. The preamble of this Note says:—

Il est en effet dans la nature des choses que l'œuvre du génie de l'homme une fois qu'elle a vu le jour, ne puisse plus être restreinte à un seul pays et à une seule nationalité; si elle a quelque valeur, elle ne tarde pas à se répandre dans tous les pays sous des formes qui peuvent varier plus ou moins, mais qui laissent néanmoins subsister dans son essence et dans ses principales manifestations la pensée créatrice. Voilà pourquoi, après que tous les Etats civilisés ont reconnu et garanti par leurs Législations intérieures le droit de l'écrivain et de l'artiste sur son œuvre, le besoin impérieux s'est montré de protéger aussi ce droit dans les relations internationales qui vont tous les jours se multipliant et grandissant. C'est à ce besoin que l'on s'est efforcé de répondre par les nombreuses Conventions conclues dans les dernières années entre les principaux Etats.

Mais quels que soient les avantages que ces Conventions présentent, il faut reconnaître qu'elles sont loin de protéger d'une manière uniforme, efficace, et complète les droits d'auteur. Cette insuffisance tient sans contredit à la diversité des Législations nationales, dont le régime conventionnel a dû nécessairement tenir compte.

On the receipt of this representation from the Swiss Government Lord Granville wrote to ask the Board of Trade to "favour him with their views as to the expediency of this country being represented at the forthcoming Conference." That Department, which—for some cause, we cannot say for some reason—has always disliked the idea of an International Copyright, replied that, in their opinion, "it would not be advisable, in the present state of the copyright question, for Her Majesty's Government to be represented at the proposed Conference." Some months later, however, Lord Granville seems to have smoothed away to a certain extent the objections of the obstructive Board; for on July 8, 1884, his Lordship informs the Swiss Government that Her Majesty's Minister at Berne will be instructed to attend the Conference. As it was, however, only in "a purely consultative capacity" and without a vote that Mr. Adams was to attend the Conference, it is not surprising that in the Draft of Convention agreed to by the other delegates were many suggestions and proposals to which Great Britain could not possibly accede. Last year, when Mr. Adams and Mr. Bergne, of the Foreign Office, who had been appointed his co-delegate, were authorized to take part in the discussions and to vote, a Convention was drawn up, to which even the Board of Trade gave its approval and sanction. One of the objections of the Board of Trade to an International Copyright was that the United States would probably take no part in the Conference, and that the stipulations of the Convention would probably be objectionable to that Government. The Board therefore thought, on the 2nd of December, 1884, that no steps should be taken to alter any of the laws of the United Kingdom bearing on the question of copyright. But in August 1885 Lord Salisbury was able to assure the Board of Trade that the United States Minister at Berne had been appointed a delegate to the Conference; and on the 18th of September last a Convention was signed by the representatives of Germany, the Argentine Republic, Belgium, Costa Rica, Spain, the United States, France, Great Britain, Haiti, Honduras, Italy, Paraguay, Netherlands, Sweden, Switzerland, Norway, and Tunis. This Convention was practically a revision—in some cases a reversion—of the Convention of the preceding year. Almost every proposal and amendment suggested by Mr. Adams and Mr. Bergne was adopted, and those gentlemen were able confidently to recommend the project to the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The British delegates were principally guided by the recommendations of the British Royal Commission on Copyright of 1878.

Admirably devised as is the Bill of the United States in its businesslike brevity, it does not seem to exhaust the question or to protect all rights. Plays are a literary property of growing importance. Are they to be included in the rights to be reciprocally enjoyed? Are pictures and music? It does not seem at all clear that they are. Moreover, protection is required for authors on the Continent as well as in England and the United States. English and American authors are robbed almost as largely in Germany as in their respective countries. Now no State has taken a more zealous and enlightened interest in the labours of the Conference than Germany, who sent some of her best representative men to Berne. If we confine ourselves to an agreement with America only, Germany may reasonably take umbrage; and, if we refuse to make common cause with her, we may find ourselves left in the lurch, and with no more rights in Europe than we have hitherto had in the United States, whose yet unreformed law, or rather absence of all law on the subject, is an admitted disgrace to civilization. In the Conference the question has been exhaustively debated for three years, and from the time when Lord Salisbury determined that England should be fully represented at

\* Correspondence respecting the Formation of an International Copyright Union. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, January 1886. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.



it, the needs of English authors have been taken into full consideration, and the Convention was finally drafted in a manner to meet English requirements. The measure proposed by the United States, so far from containing anything opposed to the stipulation in that Draft, seems calculated to strengthen the hands of the delegates, as the action of the delegates must strengthen the hands of enlightened statesmen in America. If the Convention is signed by England, it is, we should think, almost certain that the delegates from Washington will sign it also.

The details of this Convention should be carefully studied by the Incorporated Society of British Authors and by all persons to whom the cause of justice and the triumph of common sense is dear. Those details we are not now prepared to discuss seriatim. With the general result of the Conference we are more than satisfied. It is especially a matter of congratulation that President Cleveland, in his Message to Congress, spoke of the necessity of new legislation with regard to International Copyright, and that the United States Minister at Berne has been named a delegate to the Conference. But we cannot help expressing the unavailing regret that Longfellow and Emerson, and Felton and Agassiz, and others who thirty odd years ago so ardently longed and so zealously worked for a just International Copyright Law, are not alive to see the dawn of a brighter day. If the recommendations of the Conference become, as we devoutly hope they will become, the law of the civilized world, we shall, in the midst of our rejoicings that justice is done at last, murmur to ourselves the pathetic line of Byron,

How had the dead who fell exulted now!

But we are not out of the wood yet. The first step to be taken to extricate us is the repeal of all the existing laws of this country which would stand in the way of our accepting, or of the United States and other Powers accepting, the Draft of Convention in its entirety. This Bill must be drafted by the Board of Trade, *à qui de droit* appertains the initiation of any measure affecting our commerce with other nations. That Board, once eager in the obstruction of the good work, expresses itself on the 18th of December last equally eager for its furtherance. Let us fervently hope that the proverbial zeal of a convert will not burn itself out until good work has been consummated. The Conference is to meet again next autumn. If this Bill is not speedily prepared and passed, Great Britain will be left out in the cold, for there can be no doubt that the delegates of other nations will have full powers to sign this Convention, and it will not be pleasant to know that Haiti, Honduras, and Tunis show a more enlightened zeal for art, literature, and justice than ourselves. This is not a question of politics; but, in glancing through the pages of this Blue Book, it is impossible not to contrast the energy of Lord Salisbury with the *insouciance* of Lord Granville in pressing this matter upon a reluctant department. But it is to Messrs. Adams and Bergne that lovers of art and letters will be chiefly indebted for their earnest and intelligent furtherance of a measure which will take away reproach from many nations.

#### A HANDBOOK OF WHIST.\*

THE *Handbook of Whist* by "Major Tenace" does not profess to bring forward any new theories of the writer, but to condense into a system the specific directions for play that can be found in the works of the acknowledged masters of the game. These directions are for the most part given without explanation or discussion, and thus an immense amount of matter is contained in a small volume. It is intended for those who have already acquired a knowledge of works such as those of Pole and Cavendish, and is put forward as a handbook of reference, to show the student "at a glance what to do in any given situation—what to lead, and what to play." That he will find a mass of most useful information and instruction is quite true; but to find the precise point "at a glance" he will require more study of the volume than we have been able to bestow upon it. Contrary to the practice of most modern whist books, the cards are invariably named, instead of being pictorially represented, and thus there is nothing to help the eye; directions, tables, and synopses are very numerous; and there are constant references from one part of the book to another. We question, therefore, whether the recommendation of the author could be carried out successfully—namely, to fix a doubtful situation in the mind, and to look it up during the next deal; certainly, this class of player would hardly be a favourite partner.

It might have been expected that in a book published in America the principle of what are called "American leads" would have been adopted, especially as it has been recently endorsed by the high authority of Cavendish. Major Tenace, however, decrees that in suits of four or more, the lowest but one (the penultimate) should be led, and adds, "this important convention should not be neglected." It is true, he says later, "this conventional manner of leading, to indicate the number of cards held in the suit, need not be limited to the penultimate; it may be systematically extended"; and then in small print he gives the theory of the fourth-best card with its extensions, propounded by Mr. N. B. Trist, of New Orleans. But this is a direct con-

tradition; if we are "not to neglect" leading the penultimate, we cannot at the same time adopt the system of the fourth-best; one or the other plan must be adhered to. We have not been able to verify all the tables of leads which are given and the inferences to be drawn from them; but they seem to have been carefully done. Occasionally a little more lucidity would be desirable; as, for instance, where there is a lead in trumps of a six or lower card, the inference to be drawn is said to be, "Leader may have one, two, or no honours. Certainly had four or more originally." On the whole, we are inclined to think that the volume before us will not add much to the spread or improvement of the game, though it is a painstaking and laborious effort.

A very different little publication is Dr. William Pole's *Rhyming Rules for Modern Whist*. In the compass of a small card that will go into a waistcoat pocket you may have all the principal rules, and many will no doubt find that the rhymes will fix them more easily in the memory. This also is written for those who would practise the Improved Scientific Game of Whist, and it is for that reason we must call attention to the following verse:—

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them—  
WHEN YOU HOLD FIVE 'TIS ALWAYS RIGHT TO LEAD THEM;  
Or if the lead won't come in time to you,  
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Had this been written for beginners, or qualified by general terms, we should have had nothing to say; but to lay down the absolute infallibility of a lead from five trumps without reference to questions of the score, or the other cards in your hand, is a length to which we should not have expected even Dr. Pole to carry the doctrine. Still less defensible is the unqualified injunction to signal under the same circumstances; with a weak hand in other suits the mischief done might be irreparable.

#### MON PREMIER CRIME.\*

AN account by a real Lecoq of what was presumably a real crime is a novelty amongst the mass of criminal novels with which the world has been favoured since the death of the great originator Gaboriau. It is to M. Macé, who recently led the way to a large number of police revelations, that we are indebted for this really interesting addition to a species of literature which of late has begun decidedly to pall. Even those who are tired of the inevitable, preliminary tracking of the wrong man, and of the inevitable detective, amateur or professional, who arrests the criminal about twenty pages from the end, may like to know what can be told by a writer who must necessarily have known much of the ways of criminals, great and small, of the methods followed in hunting them down; who has had in his time to deal with real *juges d'instruction*, real *agents de la sûreté*, real murderers, and has not been under the painful necessity of evolving the likeness of these interesting members of society from the depths of his moral consciousness. The work of the *ancien chef de la sûreté* may then have attractions even for jaded readers, and, in some respects, they will certainly not be disappointed.

After a dedication which states that the book contains an exact account of his first crime (*i.e.* the first great crime he had to deal with), with the significant addition that the "epilogue" will not be found amongst the *causes célèbres* or in official documents, the latter having been burnt by the Commune, the work begins in a manner which shows at once the professional hand. A statement is given of the hours of service of the ordinary Parisian police, arranged on a rather peculiar plan, which remained in force up to 1870. This information given—perhaps a little ostentatiously to demonstrate the author's perfect knowledge—the story begins in earnest. In December, 1868, it appears, the police of the Sixth Arrondissement were much on the alert in consequence of various burglaries committed by skilful malefactors possessed of instruments of more than usual artistic worth, and amongst them of a marvellous hammer, striking without making a noise, concerning which further and better particulars might be wished for. On the night of the 21st of the month we find two *sergents de ville*, one experienced, the other full of zeal, promenading the Quartier Latin, who stop in a solitary street a fat but suspicious individual, with a basket on his back and a large bundle under his arm. Confused for a moment, the man speedily recovers his wits, and answers for himself in a manner so satisfactory that the police think it well to let him go. The parcel, he states, contains two hams, which one of his interrogators feels through the covering. Before he leaves them he hints that he is connected with the political police; but this does not particularly appeal to their sympathies. After he has quitted them, we are allowed a glimpse of what is subsequently ascertained by investigation. The man with the packet makes his way to the Rue Princesse, opens the door of an old house by a secret spring which he clearly is familiar with, passes into the courtyard of the house where there is a well, contrives to drop into it quite silently the bundle containing the so-called hams, and then speedily takes himself off to his lodging in the Rue Mazarine without misgiving, as he is acquainted with the hours of service of the police, and knows that he will not again meet the same *sergents de ville*, who are now off duty.

That the packet thus adroitly disposed of contained what even

\* *A Handbook of Whist*. By Major Tenace. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Rhyming Rules, &c., for Modern Whist*. By Dr. William Pole, F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co.

\* *Mon premier crime*. Par G. Macé, ancien chef du service à la sûreté. Paris: Charpentier.

Mr. Chamberlain would admit to be private property, wrongly acquired against the will of the owner, is, of course, obvious enough, and the evidence, which might have been obtained by two policemen, had they been more adroit, is speedily followed by other evidence to which public attention is drawn. Pieces of flesh are found in various places. The remains are examined by doctors, and pronounced to belong to the same body; but, though it is clear that there has been a horrible crime, no light is thrown upon it. After a while, however, M. Macé, sitting in his official chair as Commissaire de Police du Quartier de l'Odéon, receives information that a human leg, in an advanced state of putrefaction, has been taken out of the well of a house in the Rue Princesse by the terrified owner, who had been induced to examine the well by the bad condition of the water. M. Macé forthwith visits the house, and succeeds in drawing from the water leg number two, enveloped in a covering which he carefully examines, the covering of the other fragment having been carelessly thrown away. The result of his examination, and of what he learns at the house, briefly put, amounts to this:—That the limb was enveloped in black glazed stuff, and was tied up in the manner usually adopted by Paris tailors. That the victim had on a peculiar kind of stocking made by sewing the leg of a stocking to a sock, and that, while the mark on the former has been cut away, the mark on the latter + B. + remains. That there was a secret spring in the door for the use of lodgers, who by means of it could let themselves in without waking the concierge, while the door would be safe against any one unacquainted with this device. The only clue obtained then is that the clothes of the victim were presumably marked in the manner just described, and that the murderer was possibly a working tailor, and was clearly acquainted with the peculiar contrivance for entering the house late at night.

Now this seems little enough, but it proves sufficient for Macé, Commissaire de Police, who from these slight indications was enabled to discover the assassin. Unfortunately, it is impossible to give here more than a brief outline of his account of his investigation, which is minute in the extreme, and very different from the numerous descriptions of tracking down given in the criminal romances of the day. There is no second sight, no intuition, no marvellous bound. The Commissaire de Police—in the first part of the book at all events—is not a magician, but merely a man who observes carefully and interrogates closely, and listens, not only to the answers to his questions, but also to the rambling talk of the uneducated persons he examines. Convinced that the seemingly half-witted old concierge of the house in the Rue Princesse, a woman called la Mère Michel, is not so silly as she seems, he questions her, and bearing patiently with her maudering talk about her cats, discovers from her that a girl of loose character who lived in the house, and was by trade a waistcoat-maker, received visits from her employer, a working tailor, who brought her the material that had to be made up, and was apparently on very good terms with her, as he took the trouble to carry water up to her room. Here, then, is something like a clue. There was a tailor who came to the house, and who must have known of the well, and probably of the manner of opening the door. The girl has gone, but to find a woman of this class who has no reason for hiding herself is A B C work for a Commissaire de Police, and she is soon discovered. Having nothing to fear, she is very communicative, and the Commissaire learns from her that the working tailor, Voirbo by name, was constantly with an old man whom he discovers to have been one Désiré Bodasse, a profligate but stingy pleasure-hunter possessed of some means. That this contemptible old wretch may have been the victim is soon apparent, as through the girl the Commissaire finds an aunt of Bodasse, who identifies the socks with the peculiar marks, so he straightway goes to the house where the old man lived, and is told by the concierge that he has been there several times recently, as a light has been seen at his window at night. The porter admits, however, that he has not seen Bodasse himself, but thinks little of this, as the disreputable tenant often shut himself up for a time, and might easily have gone in and out the house unobserved. By no means satisfied, the Commissaire penetrates into Bodasse's room, which he finds empty; and a careful examination—in which, however, there is none of the magic of the detective of romance—convinces him that some person, probably not Bodasse, has paid fifteen visits to the room, and has each time lighted a candle and made it as conspicuous as possible. A stranger possessed of Désiré's key might easily have done this, there being no difficulty, as just stated, in getting into and out of the house unobserved from the lodge of the concierge.

The scent is now getting hot; but the Commissaire de Police, who has followed up the track so well, cannot himself do the peculiar work which has to be done forthwith, and requires the aid of regular detectives, *agents de la sûreté*, and he accordingly makes a requisition for them; but, much to his disgust, the chief of the municipal police, to whom he applies, gives him instead two political detectives—*agents des recherches*—who, he says, will be perfectly competent for the work, which the Commissaire very much doubts, and with good reason. From what is stated about his disappointment at this bit of official caprice, it would seem that under the Empire the ordinary detectives employed in the pursuit of criminals were quite distinct from the political detectives, and that there was no love lost between them. The misgivings felt by the Commissaire when these two men are told off for the difficult work he has in hand are amply justified by events; but how they fail, how they put on his guard the criminal,

who himself has relations with the political police, and how better men replace them—how, with infinite pains, trouble, and cunning, overwhelming proof is obtained against an exceptionally astute and wary criminal, and what ultimately becomes of him, the reader must learn from M. Macé's book. It would be unfair to spoil the interest of it, and, indeed, the epilogue, as he calls it, is so full of incident that it would be impossible to give an abstract of it without doing great injustice to the writer, who has taken great pains with his work, and should certainly not be hardly treated. Good, however, though the latter part of the work is, it is not equal to the first part, being worse precisely because it is more like the work of a practised hand—that is to say, of the literary man who has devoted himself to criminal romance. The reader, while carried on by the curious and horrible story, will naturally ask himself how much of it is true, and it is to be observed that in his preface the author says very plainly that he is speaking of actual fact; but perhaps this statement is to be interpreted liberally, particularly in dealing with the epilogue, for it is difficult to believe in the terribly dramatic incidents recorded, and specially in the marvellous climax with which the book ends. M. Macé has probably remembered that human nature is weak, and cannot be fed on pure truth alone, and the reader can hardly fail to observe that he does not succeed in avoiding inconsistencies such as invariably occur in a novel. At the very beginning of the book there is, as has been shown, talk of one packet dropped into the well and of two drawn out of it. Later on Dr. Tardieu, after examining the remains, says that the assassin must have been skilled in the use of the knife or hatchet. This is never explained; and later on there is considerable confusion about some dates which are important as they are said to demonstrate conclusively the innocence of a man on whom suspicion had been cast. These slips may be due to defects of memory; but it is permissible, and indeed very natural, to suppose that the two latter are slips in construction, and that constructive skill has been thought permissible; but, whether it has or not, there can be no doubt that the book is a remarkable one, and that it is well worth reading. It shows how, with but the faintest indications to begin with, an extremely clever criminal may be tracked without miraculous coincidences or *clairvoyance* worthy of a subject of Joseph Balsamo.

#### OLD "MISCELLANY" DAYS.\*

NOTHING is so old as an old magazine. Or, perhaps, to speak paradoxically, we should say a not very old magazine. For, oddly enough, it is yesterday, and not the day before yesterday, which has become obsolete. What is remote is growing new again by its remoteness; it is the thing we are just tired of that is so hopelessly out of date. Hence—*à l'heure qu'il est*—we plead guilty to a certain want of sympathy with the popular short story of forty years ago, as purveyed to the readers of Bentley's once deservedly famous *Miscellany*. The reigning type seems to have been that comic cockney sketch of which Dickens's "Tuggs at Ramsgate" may serve as the exemplar, and this alternated with the farcical sea-story dear to Glasscock and W. H. Barker, or the semi-romantic, semi-supernatural tale which Thomas Ingoldsby loved to weave into his wonderful network of rhyme. But in the handsome volume just issued by Messrs. Bentley, the reader, it is presumed, is concerned, not so much with the efforts of "the gifted author of *Richard Savage*"—whose memory, by the way, Mr. Mackenzie Bell has recently endeavoured to rescue from oblivion—or the forgotten genius of Mrs. Gore, or even the incipient humours of Dr. Charles Mackay, as with the illustrations which George Cruikshank supplied for their performances. As far as condition and printing are concerned these deserve all praise. But, taken as a whole, they are too unequal in execution to do any real service to the old artist's reputation. It is true that some of his best work was done for Bentley, in which both *Oliver Twist* and *Jack Sheppard* made their original appearance. Neither of these, however, is included in the present collection, which is made up exclusively of short stories published in the Magazine between 1837 and 1843. Half a dozen of the accompanying etchings—i.e. "Marcel's Last Minuet," "The Black Robbers," "A Practical Joke," "Jack Sailing under False Colours," "The Handsome Clear-Starcher," and "The Battle of the Nile," are in Cruikshank's best manner. In the last especially, nothing could be more genuinely Cruikshankian than the astounded and indignant face of the show proprietor rising above the pasteboard waves to protest against the furious cannonade of oranges that shatters his little fleet; and the old street in the frontispiece through which Jack flies swiftly in his feminine raiment has all that charm of quaint, picturesque background in which the artist excels. But a large number of the other designs—in some of which the familiar vertical signature is conspicuously absent—fall far below this level, and to all appearance belong to some period when Cruikshank was either dissatisfied with his task or fretting for other enterprises. There is one, indeed, which we think should scarcely have been republished without some introductory note more explicit than the general statement in the preface that the artist did not "expend his usual skill" upon certain of the plates. We refer to that which illustrates the story entitled "Regular Habits." It is a deliberate attempt on the part of Cruikshank to draw as ill as he could without attracting the

\* *Old "Miscellany" Days.* London: Richard Bentley & Son.



attention of the casual observer. But a moment's examination will show that the lady's eye is a mere inverted comma. The same symbol, slightly assisted by dots of the needle, does duty for the nose of her admirer. It would have been interesting to have some authoritative explanation of the origin of this egregious composition, of which various accounts are given by enterprising printsellers.

#### LIFE OF WILLIAM CAREY, THE MISSIONARY.\*

IN many respects Dr. George Smith is excellently qualified to write a biography of one of the great triumvirate of Serampore. He had resided for twenty years and more on the very scene of Carey's labours. He was editor of the weekly journal the *Friend of India*, and proved no unworthy successor to such men as the late Mr. John Marshman and Mr. Meredith Townsend. He has taken an active part with his pen in divers stirring episodes and forgotten controversies. And he has written, and written well, the lives of John Wilson and Alexander Duff. Dr. Smith combines accurate local knowledge with the study of abundant materials, and keen sympathies (and dislikes) with a high literary standard and aim. One who has talked with the native converts and the stubborn Pundits amongst whom Carey toiled for fifty years on the banks of that broad river so long almost the great highway of Bengal and Behar, might fairly be reminded of a well-known sentence of Cicero—"Movetur nescio quo pacto locis, in quibus eorum quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia." This would explain the author's earnest desire to do adequate justice to his subject, and might account for a few passages in which Dr. Carey is credited with a little more influence and success than others might be ready to concede. But this admission does not justify persistent abuse of the East India Company, and a readiness to pick up any kind of stick in order to belabour that defunct corporation. Dr. Smith, in fact, is far too ready, on subjects which have two sides to them, to pen snappish sentences and to call such as differ from him by very ugly names. It is perfectly true, as the biographer puts it, that when Carey landed in India in 1793, he found a backward state of society very different from what Dr. Smith himself found in the Dalhousian era, or from what Dr. Smith's successors may find under Lord Dufferin. Districts were in size enormous and unmanageable. Communications were carried on between the capital and the interior and between one district and another, on horseback, by bullock-cart, sluggish palanquins, and unwieldy boats. The most sanguinary rites of heathenism were openly tolerated. The work of education had not begun. Englishmen formed connexions, temporary or permanent, with native women. Horse-racing took place on Sundays. Debts, duels, drinking bouts were frequent. All this is, no doubt, very lamentable, but it is not so very extraordinary in a remote and newly-acquired dependency, if we consider the state of English society about the same time. What most moves Dr. Smith's wrath is the old prohibition against Englishmen owning land or residing in the interior without a Company's licence. Now, before a dispassionate compiler of a religious biography should permit himself the use of such language as cruel persecution, hatred of interlopers, jealousy of the European capitalist, infamous opposition to light and freedom, he should at least state the other side of the case. For until a very recent period no Englishman could be tried by any local Court, high or low, for theft, larceny, arson, felony, or murder. A fine, of which the maximum was 50*l.*, was all that any district magistrate of full powers could impose on any Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman convicted of even serious assault or oppression. In all cases where imprisonment would follow on conviction, the English subject had to be brought down hundred of miles with the witnesses on both sides, to be tried by the old Supreme Court at one of the three Presidency towns. Even so late as the administration of Lord Elgin, a soldier who had deliberately taken up a gun and shot a native because he refused to part with a fowl was conveyed from the Punjab to Calcutta, and tried and sentenced capitally by the late Sir Charles Jackson. It was said bitterly, but justly, at that time when the ill effects of the Mutiny had not passed off, that this unlucky soldier owed his death to the writings of journalists who had countenanced the doctrine that the "interloper" was at liberty, in the interests of capital, to do anything he liked and to go scot free. Another instance of a most misleading statement of a controversial topic occurs at p. 92, where, speaking of the cultivation of indigo, very quietly and properly begun by Carey and handed over to others, the author says that the system collapsed in 1860 owing to Government interference and because of "a refusal of a contract law such as protects the opium monopoly." A reader might conclude from this that the cultivation of the poppy plant was carefully guarded by some unusual form of contract or some special statute denied to other mercantile enterprises. The real state of the case is this. When the indigo system fell to pieces in Lower and Central Bengal in 1860 simply because, under it, the Ryot took all the risk, bore all the loss, and was never free from indebtedness to the English factory, it was gravely proposed to make a breach of civil contract to sow indigo a criminal offence. Nay, a temporary law was actually in force for six

months by which an English planter complaining of a failure to deliver the plant on the part of the contracting and cultivating tenant-proprietor, instead of being referred to the Civil Courts like any other person, was allowed to bring the defaulter into the magistrate's Court and to require that authority to treat the offence as penal. All the influence of the Calcutta mercantile houses, of powerful Chambers of Commerce, of the *Times* and other prominent English papers, and of a portion of the high Bengal officials, was exerted to perpetuate this one-sided penal statute. It is to the credit of the late Lord Halifax, of his Council at Westminster, and, we may add, of the *Spectator*, that, after a six months' trial, the law was for ever expunged from the Indian statute book. Again, at p. 290, when very properly discountenancing any entanglement of the British Government with Hindu idolatry and its shrines, Dr. Smith goes out of his way to assert that, "When Lord Lytton was Governor-General and Sir A. Eden was at the head of the Bengal province, an attempt to revert to the old order of things was made, and it was checked by Sir Charles Aitchison, in a Minute which ought to see the light." Not to say that it is very irregular in any one, journalist or biographer, to allude to official minutes which have not been published and as to which the controversialist cannot be brought to book, we have endeavoured without success to find out to what hidden impropriety Dr. Smith alludes. Sir Charles Aitchison, a very eminent public servant, has been Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab for nearly five years, and he was never, we think, in a position to criticize or impugn any of the work of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. What possibly occurred in Lord Lytton's time is this. When the Rajah of Khoordah in 1878 was tried and transported for murder, it may have been thought desirable that his estates should be administered temporarily by the Collector, acting as a Court of Wards, in order to prevent mismanagement. The Raja has long had the entire administration of the estates which support the Temple of Jagannath at Puri; and it may be a fair argument whether the British Government, during a temporary abeyance of proprietorship, might not take measures for the prevention of abuse. We rather think the property was placed in the charge of the Rani and a local Committee of Hindus. But this is not exactly reverting "to the old order of things." The plain truth is, as Dr. Carey admits with admirable candour, that the East India Company were only a little over-anxious for the welfare of the native community. Had it not been for a cautious, tentative treatment of serious political questions, there would have been no Indian Empire for the Crown to inherit. A due regard for historical perspective and for the difficulties of a Government absolutely without precedent might have led Dr. Smith to display a more candid appreciation of the sterling merits of the Company and a less virulent condemnation of its faults and omissions.

For the life of Carey would have been told quite as effectively without any of this ebullient Radicalism. There was nothing in Carey's birth, or education, or circumstances to distinguish him from hundreds of similar craftsmen. He might have followed the plough or handled the awl, and never got beyond teaching an evening class or a Sunday school. But he became deeply penetrated with an idea that there was a noble work to be done in preaching the Gospel, not to the rustics of Northamptonshire but in foreign lands. And so, after hesitating between the choice of Tahiti, Western Africa, and India, Carey landed at Balasore in November 1793, at the end of a voyage of five months. After a brief residence in Calcutta, he tried living at Bandel, a part of the station of Hooghly. Then he reclaimed land in the Sunderbunds, living in a bamboo house, and relying on the sporting proclivities of a coadjutor named Thomas to shoot down the tigers. Indeed the proclivities of this last-named gentleman almost supply a comic element to a very sober biography. Thomas was perpetually getting into debt, and was very careless in his accounts. But then he knew something of medicine, and treated natives successfully; could walk as well as preach in the sun for hours, and stalk wild buffaloes. A *Shikari Padre* must have deeply impressed the Bengali villagers. No doubt, in the feverish Sunderbunds, or in Malda and Dinajpore, Carey obtained an insight into native life and thoughts which was of real service to him in propagating Christian truth. But no real progress was made till he settled down at Serampore in the year 1800. Dr. Smith says at the beginning of the biography that Carey had something of the linguistic gift of Mezzo'anti. Modern Orientalists are inclined to doubt this. Carey taught himself some French and Greek, and wrote very good English, but he describes himself as a man who could only plod or persevere in some one definite pursuit. He became, eventually, a sound Sanskrit scholar, and could preach fluently in Bengali. He also acquired such a knowledge of the Marathi dialect as to teach it to the students of the College of Fort William, and he helped to publish translations of the Bible in divers other dialects. But in his earlier letters he does not exhibit any great insight into Orientalism, or any power of rapidly mastering one language after another, unlike Sir William Jones, who knew twenty-four languages, and died about three years after Carey's arrival. In one letter Carey makes Hari or Hurree to be the wife of Shiva, instead of Shiva himself. Shiva's consort, as Dr. Smith knows perfectly well, is Durga, *alias* Parvati. Dr. Carey's penmanship and not his Oriental knowledge, is probably at fault when he describes the burning of a widow on the same pile as the corpse of her husband as the rite of *Sati* or *Sati* moron. It should be *Sahamaranam*. *Suttee* or *Sati* was of two kinds. It was *Sahamaranam* when the widow followed her husband's corpse to the pile. It was *Anumaranam*

\* *The Life of William Carey, D.D., Shoemaker and Missionary, Professor of Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi in the College of Fort William, Calcutta.* By George Smith, LL.D., C.I.E., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Statistical Societies, Member of Council of the Scottish Geographical Society, Author of the "Life of Duff" and the "Life of Wilson." London: John Murray.

when, having learnt that he had died at a distance, as a Sepoy, domestic servant, or Government official, she burnt herself, it might be days, weeks, or years afterwards, with any relic such as a pair of sandals, a bolster, or a musical instrument. No Brahman's wife could perform the rite of *Anumaranan*; she must die embracing her lord's body. However, it is quite certain that by sheer study and hard work Carey attracted the attention of Lord Wellesley, who appointed him Professor of Languages in the College at Calcutta, and gave him at first a salary of 500 rupees a month. It is most creditable to Carey that he looked on this provision as enabling him to dispense with a salary from the parent mission at home; and it is equally creditable to the author that he adds up the sum so received by Carey in the course of thirty-four years, and finds it to amount to more than four and a half lacks of rupees; in English money some 46,000*l*. But after this it will hardly do to write about official intolerance and dislike to missions, especially as it appears clearly that members of Carey's own sect in England were more harsh and difficult to deal with than vessels of wrath like East India Directors and than Lord Minto, whose impolitic treatment of Carey is passed over with a very light and forbearing touch. It seems quite clear that Carey's existence was embittered, not by the infamous persecution of the implacable body in Leadenhall Street or by an error of Lord Minto's for which he subsequently made ample amends, but by what the biographer himself terms "the sixteen years' persecution by English brethren after Fuller's death." Of the kindness shown to him by Lord and Lady William Bentinck; of the substantial help given by civilians who had studied under him at the College; of the friendly intercourse with chaplains of the Bengal Establishment; and of the high estimation in which his peaceful character and solid attainments were held, this volume contains ample proof. But Carey was not only a teacher of languages and a preacher of the Gospel. He was a thorough and successful botanist and zoologist. He studied native horticulture and agriculture with a view to its development. He tried to introduce English vegetables and fruits. His garden at Serampore, five acres in extent—we suspect the smaller Bengal *bigha* and not the English acre is intended—was filled with native plants and exotics. His delight in the successful introduction of the English daisy, with what Archbishop Trench calls its "eye of gold," is unaffected and genuine. And to this garden Carey, almost to his latest hour, daily would resort for gentle exercise and undisturbed meditation. The establishment of a permanent Agricultural and Horticultural Society at Calcutta is due to a happy thought of this practical missionary; and Dr. Smith, by showing that out of five thousand of its members spread over sixty-five years, only five hundred have been natives, bears testimony to a fact recently forgotten, that most reforms and improvements in India intended to benefit all or any class of natives have originated with Englishmen. To Carey and his coadjutors is due the first manufacture of paper, such as is commonly used by natives for all ordinary purposes. *Srirampur Kāghaz* has been largely manufactured and has been for years the material on which verbose depositions and proceedings are recorded in all the local Courts of Bengal. Carey was quick enough to perceive that the fibrous material of paper must be impregnated with some chemical mixture to render it impervious to white ants and insects, the pests of libraries and record rooms in India. Carey was almost the first to draw attention to the conservancy of forests; a subject of feeble and inarticulate complaint till it was taken up seriously in the Punjab and the Hills, by the late Lord Dalhousie. In short, Carey, by good management of time, voluminous correspondence, and unremitting industry, found means to further the promotion of many useful projects besides that which rightly was the chief aim of his life. The reader of this biography can form his own conclusions about the practical results of Dr. Carey's missionary work. Dr. Smith is very indignant with a well-known review by his witty namesake written in 1808. And we quite think, after reference to it in the works of the late Canon of St. Paul's, that the dangers which he anticipated from the admission of bands of missionaries have proved wholly illusory. Our Empire in India will only be strengthened if missionaries teach in schools, explore languages, and propagate the Gospel with the earnestness and discretion which have marked their proceedings for the last forty years. But Dr. Smith asks a little too much when he wishes us to assign to Carey a place in the Church History of the future analogous to that conceded to Chaucer, Wiclif, and even far greater names in other lines. Carey was a real pioneer of languages and missions, but hardly one of the "uncrowned kings of men." By his firmness, patience, and earnestness he contributed much to form that wholesome state of public opinion under which Christians and Mahomedans and Hindus have fair play, English capital is encouraged, native industries are not crushed, education is promoted, fierce rites are put down summarily, while narrow prejudices are left to die out, and the Englishman is not ashamed of his Bible, his Church, and his superiority of character, though he is not always propounding them as topics for offensive Academic discussions.

Carey, we may add, was three times married, and had a family of four sons. His bust adorns the Metcalfe Hall in Calcutta, a portion of which is assigned to that Agricultural Society which he helped to found; and an excellent portrait by Horne, of which an engraving is given in the frontispiece, may be seen on the walls of the Regent's Park college. We gladly recognize in this book the piety, the perseverance, the valuable and disinterested labour of forty years which enabled Carey, with his col-

leagues, Joshua Marshman and William Ward, to establish at Serampore the first missionary press, to publish the first Bengali tract and the first translation of the Scriptures, to open the first vernacular school, to set up the first steam-engine, and to baptize the first Hindu convert. Nor is it any exaggeration to boast, as was boasted with pardonable pride by Dr. Marshman's son, that no burial-ground in India is consecrated by such tombs as that of Serampore.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

AS a practical guide for vocalists and teachers Mr. Albert Bach's volume on *The Principles of Singing*, published by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, will be found to be a thoroughly sound and lucid work. The author does not suffer himself to be led astray by any pet theory or royal road to the acquiring of the art he writes about so well, and early in the work frankly acknowledges that, "in spite of the great progress we have made in science, the art of singing is still based on empiricism." The confession at once inspires the reader with confidence in the author, whose subsequent treatment of his theme justifies the promise thus early given. Acknowledging his indebtedness to Helmholtz and various other scientific writers for their contributions to the advancement of the art, he refuses to disregard entirely the methods of the old Italians by which so many eminent singers have obtained their success, and suggests that "we should still cultivate and honour the old method, and adopt from the new only what is good and useful." In this liberal spirit Mr. Bach proceeds to discourse learnedly, yet clearly, on so much of the science of acoustics as has direct reference to the art, treating of Temperament, Harmonics, Timbre, and the natural tones of vowels. The Physiology and Anatomy of the Voice and Ear take up the second section of the work, and this is followed by the third and most important section—on the Theory and Practice of the Voice. The author's remarks on the subject of children's voices deserve especial attention, as he speaks with authority acquired after many years of serious study and careful observation; and we shall not be surprised if some time-honoured notions on the subject receive a somewhat severe shock. To illustrate the method he advocates Mr. Bach has added nearly one hundred exercises and examples, which, if conscientiously adhered to by any teacher, could not fail to be attended with successful results, other things being equal. The work merits the highest praise that can be given, and we can heartily recommend it as a safe and practical guide to the attainment of the art of singing.

"School," says the author of "Action Songs," Miss Wilhelmina L. Rooper, "should be a place of varied and interesting occupation, and not a prison-house of discipline." Miss Rooper's work is a very excellent production, and will doubtless become the source of much delight as well as instruction for young children. It is divided into four sections—namely, Nursery Rhymes, Musical Games, Songs with Action, and Group of Songs or little dramas, each song and game having its stage directions and the music appropriate to it. Various people are responsible for the tunes, which are very melodious, and the whole of the harmonies have been revised by Mr. Duncan Hume. The little work should find its way into many an English home.

From Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co. we have received the octavo edition of Dr. Villiers Stanford's sacred drama, *By the Waters of Babylon*, which, as originally written, forms the first part of his larger work, *The Three Holy Children*. The same composer's "Elegiac Ode," from Mr. Walt Whitman's Burial Hymn for President Lincoln, has also reached us from the same publisher, as well as No. 2 of Miss M. V. White's charming "Album of German Songs," being the contralto form of the same songs which we noticed some time ago. A collection of Halfdan Kjerulf's songs, translated by Mr. T. Marzials, forms another "Album," which contains some of the best and most original of this composer's songs, and Miss Mary Carmichael, under the title of "Sing-Song Twenty-Seven Rhymes," has set to music most charmingly some nursery rhymes selected from the volume by Miss Christine Rossetti. A graceful serenade, "Only I and You," by Mr. Francesco Berger; a brilliant "Menuet," by Herr Hermann Papendieck; and a characteristic album-leaf entitled "Tendresse," by Mr. Walter Macfarren, complete Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.'s contributions.

Messrs. A. Hammond & Co. send us Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 6 of their useful "Academic Edition" of pianoforte music, consisting of sonatinas by Herr Gustave Lange, and favourite melodies by Schubert and Mendelssohn arranged by the same composer, as well as "Bluettes Musicales," by Herr Ch. Neustedt, a set of cleverly-written pieces adapted for beginners.

"Wilt Thou be Mine?" by Mr. A. Davenport Adams, is a song of considerable merit and deserves to succeed, while the humorous "The 'Fly' young Fly," by Mr. Valentine Reubens, will doubtless please those who care for such songs as this one. Mr. G. B. Allen's idyl, "The Gentle Shepherd," is a very graceful allegretto for the pianoforte which should become a favourite; while Mr. J. C. Beazley's "Sonatina in F" for violin and piano, although not overburdened with originality, is still a scholarly work, and gives evidence of careful study and musical knowledge. The above songs and pieces are from Messrs. Wood & Co.

Messrs. Novello & Co. send us a very effective song by Mr. F. Gilbert Webb entitled "My Castle," and an "Impromptu" for the piano by Mr. George Graun, both of which should become



popular; while among Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.'s publications "I'll whisper thy Name," by Mr. Claude Trevor, a song of much feeling, and Miss Edith Cooke's quaint song, called "Two Marionettes," are the only vocal pieces. From the same publishers we have a "Melodie" called "Solitude" from the practised pen of Signor Tito Mattei, which is sure to become a favourite, and "First Lessons in large Notation," by Mr. G. F. West, an educational work of great use in teaching young children. The Hungarian March from Berlioz's *Faust* has been excellently arranged for the organ by Mr. Alfred Redhead, who as editor of *Classical Movements* has produced in Volume X. of that periodical a scholarly fugue by Mr. J. C. Mandel and an Andante by Handel; and Mr. Michael Watson has composed a very effective Festival March for the same instrument.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fashion of *Pensées* seems to have set in once more severely in France. A week or two ago we noticed one sufficiently noticeable volume; this week we have another (1). Although it bears *troisième édition* on its cover, we do not think that it has been very long before the public in any other form than that of contributions to a specialist review. As a volume it is introduced by a preface which, to speak plain truth, might have been spared. M. Paul Mariéton's name is not exactly one to conjure with, and he has said nothing here which in the least enhances the value of his text. That text has interest both intrinsic and extrinsic. It is the work of a member of one of the largest, one of not the least educated, one of the most traduced, and one of the most silent professional classes in Europe—the French country clergy. They are the stock butts of the anti-clerical party, and there is, rightly or wrongly, a prevailing opinion that their ecclesiastical superiors do not look with extraordinary favour on any literary exertions on their part. It is evident that the Abbé Roux, who is, we believe, not a young man, has no small literary faculty; and it is at the same time evident that his literary talent wants polishing and rubbing down by association and competition with others. He is especially noteworthy because, without the least animus or prejudice, and with the most obvious fullness of knowledge, he gives, in the section of these *Pensées* headed *La campagne*, outline sketches of the condition of the French peasant and of the moral status which that condition has induced quite as unfavourable as those of the most embittered "naturalists." The ignorance of English Radicals is deliberate and probably impenetrable; but this book might possibly have some effect thereon (save that, of course, as being the work of a priest, it comes within the conjugation of the great verb *je suis suspect, tu es suspect, &c.*), if only from the entire absence of any political intention. For the Abbé Roux is evidently not by any means a bigoted Legitimist or a bigoted anything. His purely literary "Thoughts" are much more unequal, but also more generally interesting. All definitions of poetry being imperfect, "l'exquise expression d'impressions exquises" is certainly not worse than another. But the author is too often carried away by similar plays on words, and once at least, for a fervent admirer of Latin, he makes a very odd mistranslation. *Poeta est omnis scriptor* certainly does not mean, except in the most canine Latinity, "Le poète est tout l'écrivain." On the contrary, it means "Every writer is [in his way] a poet." It is true that the Abbé attributes the saying to a "grammarien oublié depuis longtemps." If the grammarian forgot the distinction between *totus* and *omnis* he deserves to be forgotten, but there is no reason in his text for supposing that he did. On the whole, the book is much better worth the reading than any citation from it is likely to show.

The sixth volume of the handsome *édition définitive* of Flaubert (2) contains, together with the (till recently) unpublished "Miscellanies," which we noticed a fortnight since in their Bibliothèque Charpentier form, the wonderful *Trois contes*. We do not know any other author besides Flaubert who has produced such curious replicas in miniature and sample of his larger work as these; and, on the other hand, we do not know any other author, except Scott and Balzac, who has proved himself able in larger work to display the full merits of his shorter tales. Of course Flaubert has not the range of Balzac, much less that of Scott; but that does not affect the matter.

We have before us the first part of a new and ambitious Encyclopædia (3). The page is smaller than that of the Dictionnaire Larousse, having only two columns, and being rather octavo than quarto-shaped. But the print is clearer and the bibliographical notes (an all-important point) are very full. The list of contributors, though not including quite all the names which might be expected, speaks well for the prospects of the book, and the specimen before us is of creditable execution. Published in the easy and certainly cheap form of *livraisons* at a franc a week, it is, as the advertisements say, "suited to all purses," or to all belonging to persons at all likely to want a complete encyclopædia on their shelves. It may be wished all good luck during its long journey—for its projectors design twenty or twenty-four half-yearly volumes.

(1) *Pensées*. Par l'Abbé Joseph Roux. Troisième édition. Paris: Lemerre.

(2) *Œuvres complètes de G. Flaubert*. Tome vi. Paris: Quantin.

(3) *La grande encyclopédie*. Livraison 1. Paris: A. Lévy.

The capital little *Bibliothèque utile* (4) has received two new volumes. The first is an account, descriptive and historical, of the steam-engine. There is not much possibility of novelty here, but what has to be done is well done. The second is much more curious, being an account, not exactly in technical military language, but apparently well informed, of the frontiers (from the military point of view) of France, and their state of defence. We cannot here criticize it in detail; but it may be remarked that M. Gaffarel shows good sense in recognizing the folly of neglecting historical teaching as to the relative military importance of different positions. Railways and telegraphs have changed the conditions, but not the sites, of decisive battles.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE recent mysterious mission of certain Baboo delegates to this country, which Sir Charles Dilke was prematurely convinced could not possibly be an electioneering move, has, in the light of past events, been proved to have been closely allied to the Caucus of Birmingham, and a little Radical engine designed to aid the incorruptible friends of India. The signal discomfiture of these friends of Messrs. Digby, Seymour Keay, and other champions of the oppressed ryot can only be regarded as exceedingly opportune by Mr. H. A. D. Phillips, the author of a seasonable and reasonable little book, entitled *Our Indian Administration* (Thacker & Co.) As Mr. Phillips is a member of the Bengal Civil Service, it is perhaps idle to commend his plain incontrovertible statement of the incidence of Indian taxation, though the fruit of ten years' observation, to the impartial minds of English Radicals. It is "official," and therefore suspect. They would find, however, that Mr. Phillips is wholly free from the spirit of bigotry and *parti pris* so abundantly credited to Indian officials; no one but the most obstinate inheritor of these unamiable qualities can fail to be struck by the earnest sincerity of this book. Useful as a corrective of much mischievous and ignorant pamphleteering, it will also be of great service to all who cannot command the multitudinous Government Reports or delve for truth in the Blue Books.

A very interesting addition to "Trübner's Oriental Series" is a translation of *The Satakas of Bhartṛihari* (Trübner & Co.) by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham, from the Bombay edition (1874) of Kāshināth Trimbak Telang. Of the three Satakas of Bhartṛihari the present volume includes two, the *Niti* and the *Vairāgya*, the one purely didactic, the other of a transcendental cast. The difference between the former poem, with its proverbial philosophy and quaint aphorisms, and the mystical doctrines of the latter, which often attain to remarkable poetic exaltation, is readily exemplified by quotation. The following is a curious sample of the *Niti* Sataka:—"There is one divinity, Kṛṣṇa or Śiva; one friend, a king or an ascetic; one dwelling, in a town or in the forest; one wife, handsome or ugly. (It matters not which a man may choose.)" And the following beautiful lament does not stand alone in the meditations of the *Vairāgya* Sataka:—"When may we sit at peace on the banks of the heavenly river, whose banks of sand are dazzling white in the moonlight? And when shall we, when the nights are perfectly still, wearied with the satiety of the world, utter cries of 'Śiva! Śiva! Śiva!' while the tears flow from our eyes?"

Professor Andrew Seth's *Scottish Philosophy* (Blackwood & Sons) comprises the first course of the "Balfour Philosophical Lectures" in the University of Edinburgh, delivered on the inauguration of the new lectureship, the endowment of which for the first term was supplied by Mr. A. J. Balfour. Mr. Seth's book is a lucid and scholarly exposition of Reid's attitude towards Hume, and compares Reid's "answer" with that of Kant and with that of Kant's followers.

The volume of *Essays and Addresses*, by the late Rev. Lord O'Neill (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), though professedly designed to elucidate "the true Evangelical doctrine of Justification by Faith," touches on many side-issues, particularly in a suggestive paper "On the Credibility of the Supernatural," and in a final address in which the writer vigorously resents certain references to orthodox Christianity in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" and Dr. Tyndall's Belfast Address.

Among several history text-books devoted to special epochs, a high place must be assigned to *The Early Hanoverians*, by Mr. Edward E. Morris (Longmans & Co.). The maps and plans are most useful, and it would be difficult to suggest any improvement of the author's plan and summary, both of which exactly meet the wants of the young student. In the account of the rising of '45 we note a strange misprint of "Derby" for London (p. 154) and the omission of the first line of Byrom's famous epigram (p. 156). The latter is an injurious oversight.

*The English Catholic Non-Jurors of 1715* (Burns & Oates), edited by the late Very Rev. Edgar Estcourt and Mr. John Orlebar Payne, contains not a little that should interest others than the genealogist and historian. Among the curious entries in the register is the following, from the Public Record Office papers:—"At Mr. Whitall's house, near Ashbourne, iiij. miles from Awkington, lieth one Robert Showell, a Semye. priest, with a bald head, having one legge bigger than th' other, and

(4) *Bibliothèque utile. La machine à vapeur*. Par H. Gossin. *Les frontières françaises et leur défense*. Par P. Gaffarel. Paris: Alcan.

at the buttrye door they goe up a pair of staires straighte to the chamber where they say Masse."

Not too soon for many English readers appear *The Letters of George Sand*, from the French by M. de Beaufort (Ward & Downey), in three stout volumes, with six portraits indifferently reproduced.

*The Great Problem Solved*, by Mr. Edward Carellis (Bevington & Co.), is a plea for altruism, written in a familiar and colloquial style, humorously inapposite to the grandeur of the theme.

The new volume of *The Year's Art* (Virtue & Co.) is an advance on previous issues in illustrations and general utility. The calendar, the directory, and the record of art sales will be appreciated by artists. The exclusion of *The Magazine of Art* from the list of "Art Books published in 1885," which includes the *Art Journal* and all other art periodicals, is not a little extraordinary.

The issue of "Dod" for 1886 has necessarily been delayed by the late election. It has now appeared, too early of course to note pending Ministerial changes. Minor faults may always be found with such a mass of detail. But the more carefully this old *Parliamentary Companion* is compared with the various catch-penny attempts to supersede it, the more its superiority is likely to be established.

Among our new editions are the third volume of the "Cabinet Edition" of Mr. J. W. Cross's *Life of George Eliot* (Blackwood & Sons); a reprint of Dr. O. W. Holmes's *Poems*, one of the pretty and tasteful "Pocket Library" (Routledge); and the illustrated edition of Mr. Sala's descriptive essays *Under the Sun*, with additions (Vizetelly & Co.)

We have received the first part of the fifth volume of *The Encyclopedic Dictionary* (Cassell & Co.); No. 28 of *The Journal of Philology* (Macmillan & Co.); a new volume of the William Salt Archaeological Society's *Collections for a History of Staffordshire* (Harrison); *Poems*, by Bishop Walsham How (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Wilfred and Marion*, a drama, by Evan Alexander (Tinsley); *The Birthday-Book of our Dead* (Dublin: Gill); Mr. H. W. Lucy's *Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure* (Routledge); and the pocket edition of Messrs. Hossfeld and Sanchez's *English-Spanish Commercial Correspondent* (Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages)—a useful little compilation.

A good housekeeping book is a good thing, and Messrs. Field & Tuer's *Housekeeping Made Easy* deserves the description. Its tables are not too elaborate, and are elaborate enough.

*The Shilling Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons* for 1886 (Sampson Low & Co.) have made their appearance, and are, as usual, very cheap and convenient manuals of their respective subjects.

In last week's article, "Professor Colvin and the Cambridge Slade Professorship," for Miss E. A. Gardner and Mrs. A. H. Smith read Mr. E. A. Gardner and Mr. A. H. Smith.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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For the Government of New Zealand.

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